THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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COOKING HOME RULE.

The Raw Bill Now Being Broiled on the House of Commons Gridiron—Several Tory Amendments Hopelessly Crushed.

By a Vote of 466 to 40 the English Den of Thieves Resolves That the Dublin Hermarphrodite, When Born, Will be Called a "Legislature" Not a "Parliament."

LONDON, May 8.—The scenes in the house of commons today reminded one of the exciting days of 1887. The Tories tried by every means in their power to obstruct the progress of the Home Rule bill through committee, and were beaten at every point.

When the session opened Prime Minister Gladstone stated, in reply to Joseph Chamberlain, that he would propose that the ninth clause of the Irish Home Rule bill should be retained without alteration. This clause provides for the retention of Irish members in the imperial parliament. The speaker ruled that the instructions to the committee on the Home Rule bill offered by Lord Randolph Churchill and others with a view of defeating the bill were out of order.

The house then went into committee on the Home Rule bill. Joseph Chamberlain moved to postpone clause 1 of the bill, which provides that on and after the appointed day there should be a legislature in Ireland. Mr. Chamberlain said it was his intention to move the postponement of every clause up to clause 9 in order to begin the discussion of the bill with the most important proposals. The house, he said, had a right to know whether the government meant to adhere to the main points of the bill; otherwise the house might at any time find a new bill sprung upon them.

Mr. Gladstone replied that he declined to allow Mr. Chamberlain to reserve to himself the privilege to challenge clauses out of their order. The bill was before the house in a particular form, and the government alone had a right to indicate variations from that form.

CHARGED WITH CONCEALMENT.

A. J. Balfour charged Mr. Gladstone with concealing how he designed to arrange the representation of Irish members at Westminster until he should find the time more propitious for revealing it. J. W. Lother and other Unionists continued to talk in a strain similar to that of their leaders, while the Irish Nationalists cried: "Divide!" Mr. Lother, who is a relative of Lord Salisbury and represents Middle Cumberland, accused Timothy Healy of leading organized disorder. Mr. Healy replied that the statement was untrue, as the disorder was on the other side.

Chairman Mellor put an end to the squabble by calling the disputants to order and Mr. Chamberlain's amendment was rejected by a vote of 270 to 213.

Charles J. Darling, Conservative member for Deptford, proposed to amend clause 1 by reaffirming the supremacy of parliament in local as well as imperial matters. Mr. Gladstone opposed the motion for the reason that the supremacy of parliament had been asserted sufficiently in the preamble. Col. Saunderson, the Ulster Loyalist, argued that the amendment was necessary to "curb the predatory propensities of the squalid Irish parliament, with a hungry executive floating in whisky." Mr. Balfour, leader of the Unionists, said that the proposed amendment was a preface to future provisions by which the imperial parliament would be enabled to control local and personal affairs in Ireland.

A SINISTER OMEN.

Mr. Chamberlain, leader of the Liberal Unionists, declared it to be a sinister omen that that the government was unwilling to accept the amendment. If it were deemed desirable to enforce the supremacy of the imperial parliament, then certainly that supremacy ought to be first asserted. He himself did not believe the government wished to assert this supremacy.

Amid the Conservative cheers which greeted this statement, the electric lights in the galleries and lobbies went out and proceedings were suspended. To shorten the debate the Irish members abstained from speaking on Mr. Darling's amendment, although the Conservative speakers taunted them with exceptional malignity for the purpose of involving them in a discussion. After six hours had been talked away Mr. Morley, chief secretary for Ireland, moved the closure. His motion evoked opposition yells and cries of "Shameful" and "Scandalous," to which the Irish members replied: "Remember what you did in 1887." The closure was carried by a vote of 243 to 159. The amendment was lost by a vote of 285 to 233.

Lord Randolph Churchill moved that the chairman of the committee report progress. It was hopeless, he said, to get fair play, as the business in committee was being conducted. Mr. Gladstone resisted the motion, remarking that he was not the author of closure rule.

Chamberlain said that he could appreciate the prime minister's coolness. When the worm was trampled it was not the trampler who had reason to become excited. Nevertheless, the worm's feelings must be hurt. Mr. Chamberlain closed with a fling at the Irish, whom he charged with undiscriminating support of the government.

REFUSED TO APOLOGIZE.

"How much would it take to square you?" shouted Pollard Byles, a Yorkshire Liberal. Conservative shouts for an apology followed. The chairman requested Mr. Byles to apologize, but Mr. Byles refused to do so. More shouting and general disorder swelled the uproar, above which could be heard indistinctly the protests of the Irish that Mr. Chamberlain was the one who ought to apologize first. Eventually Mr. Gladstone interposed, calmed the members and drew from the chairman a statement ment that he had misunderstood the facts and wished to withdraw his request for an apology from Mr. Byles. The motion to report progress was then rejected by a vote of 307 to 265.

Mr. Balfour moved that the chairman leave the chair. The motion was resisted by Mr. Gladstone, and was lost by a vote of 304 to 257.

When the monotony of useless motions and divisions was resumed Chairman Mellor's voice was noticeably hoarse in consequence of his strenuous but ineffectual efforts to make himself heard during the worst of the confusion caused by the Byles incident. The sitting dragged uneventfully to the adjournment at midnight. The last two hours had been completely wasted in futile squabbling and voting.

THE BILL'S PROGRESS IN COMMITTEE.

LONDON, May 9.—The house of commons resumed its session today as a committee of the whole on the Irish Home Rule bill. G. C. T. Bartley, Conservative M. P. for North Islington, moved to insert the words "subordinate to parliament" in the first clause of the bill so as to make the clause read: "On and after the appointed day there shall be in Ireland a legislature, subordinate to parliament," etc.

Prime Minister Gladstone said that Mr. Bartley's motion implied a disbelief in the assurance of the government, and therefore overstepped the bounds of parliamentary rules.

Mr. Bartley appealed to the chairman to state whether the amendment was in order or not. The chairman decided that the words were admissible, whereupon Mr. Gladstone denounced the amendment as obviously intended to pass a slight upon the Irish legislature and implying distrust of that legislature on the part of parliament.

ACCUSED OF EVASION.

G. J. Goschen, formerly chancellor of the exchequer, accused the government of practically evading the question of imperial control over the Irish legislature. Mr. Goschen said that if Mr. Gladstone was in earnest in his alleged purpose to make the imperial parliament supreme, he would not hesitate to accept the amendment.

Col. Saunderson, Conservative member of parliament for Armagh, asked Gladstone what machinery in the bill enabled the nominal supremacy of the imperial parliament to be enforced. All the machinery that he could see in the bill was Irish, beyond the control of the imperial parliament, and would not be worth a straw. After considerable debate the amendment was rejected by a vote of 292 to 257.

William Redmond, Parnellite member of parliament for East Clare, moved that the Irish legislative assembly be called a parliament instead of legislature. Mr. Gladstone opposed the motion on the ground that the paramount assembly ought to be called a parliament as distinguished from the body to which the parliament delegated certain powers.

Mr. Morley said that the distinction between parliament and legislature was merely a matter of sentiment without material significance. Mr. Labouchere, leader of the Radicals, remarked that, while not regarding names but things, he knew that Irish sentiment would be gratified if the assembly in Dublin were called a parliament. He therefore advised the prime minister to accept the amendment. The vote against the amendment was 466 to 40.

William Saunder, Liberal member of parliament for Newington Walworth, who showed a disposition to vote against the second reading of the Irish Home Rule bill, but finally voted with his party, is about to retire from parliament in deference to the wish of his constituents, who are displeased with his course.

NOTICE.

All subscribers and readers of THE CITIZEN, and all others whom it may concern, are hereby notified that one Patrick J. Flynn, residing at Halsted street and Thirty-seventh court, is not employed by THE CITIZEN in any capacity. They are, furthermore, warned against having any business transactions with him, so far as this paper is concerned.

Elliott Club Officers.

The Elliott Club, of St. Anne's parish, elected the following officers for the ensuing six months: Spiritual director, Rev. Francis L. Reynolds; president, Maurice J. Lawlor; vice-president, M. G. Flavin; recording secretary, Joseph O. Dougherty; financial secretary, W. H. Costello; corresponding secretary, Joseph O'Connor; treasurer, Timothy E. Flavin; librarian, Jeremiah F. Lyons; marshal, Thomas O'Neill; assistant marshal, George Ernest; editor, William Clifford; board of directors, Richard W. Wolfe, Dr. P. Byron Anton, James H. Hughes, James J. McKenna, J. J. Byrne, Wm. F. Kirtz and J. P. McGavick.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

HONORED VERAGUA.

Brilliant Reception Accorded the Genial Descendant of Christopher Columbus and His Family by the Columbus Club.

Addresses of Welcome by Archbishop Feehan and President Amberg—Veragua's Response.

List of Guests and Club Members.

The Duke of Veragua and party were received on Friday evening of last week by the Columbus Club, at their rooms on Monroe street. The attendance was very large, including not alone the the members and their families but also representatives from all the countries of the world, as represented at the World's Fair. The welcoming address to the Duke was delivered by the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan, who said:

THE ARCHBISHOP'S ADDRESS.

"Your Grace: A most pleasing duty has come to me tonight—that of welcoming you in the name of the Catholics of Chicago. Your coming and your gracious presence among us will be, in the future, a most pleasing recollection. We welcome you as the descendant and most worthy representative of that man of great faith and great genius, Columbus, the discoverer of America.

"Besides, you come with the glorious traditions of the great Spanish people. You come from the land of Ferdinand and Isabella, from the land of Catholic Spain. As you travel over this western country you behold everywhere the fruits of the discovery of your great ancestor. You behold everywhere the symbol of the faith which he first planted on the shore of the new world.

"We pray that your journey may be happy and prosperous, and we hope that among the happy memories you will bear back to your own bright land will be those of Chicago and its people, and especially those who greet and welcome you here tonight."

PRESIDENT AMBERG'S REMARKS.

President Amberg then stepped forward and said:

"To your Grace, as to all your household, this club, named from your illustrious ancestor, extends cordial welcome. In the heart of the new land given to civilization through the genius of the great Genoese, a club whose membership is formed of coreligionists with Columbus honored itself by the selection of his name long before the Columbian festival was agitated.

"We greet you not alone because of co-heirship in the church universal, but also because we are Americans, proud of the republic, loving its institutions, obeying its laws, enjoying its protection and sharing its prosperity. All there is of cheer, heartiness and good will in this organization is yours to command.

"A goodly number of Columbian Chicagoans who feel cordial esteem for your grace and your charming family wish the pleasure of a personal meeting. Wherefore, and the better to evince our sincerity, I will detain you no longer with formal greeting."

RESPONSE BY THE DUKE.

When the applause which followed the speeches ceased, the duke responded as follows:

"Most Rev. Archbishop, Mr. President and Members of the Columbus Club:—I very highly appreciate the hearty welcome extended to me and avail myself of this occasion to express to you my kindest feeling toward you. The Catholic people of Chicago are worthily represented by you, and this manifestation is a proof of the progress of our religion in the United States.

"Columbus brought to America with the Castilian banner the standard of the faith which constituted the symbol and strength of his enterprise, the foundation of his fortune and the source of his hope of the future life; and when this symbol is known over the whole earth the greatest victory for mankind will have been won. It is the light of truth which lends dignity to man—gives him fortitude for the work before him, as well as for the exercise of the rights of the citizen. All the institutions of a free country are in accordance with the spirit of the doctrine of Christ.

"Members of the Columbus Club, you may well be proud of the name of Columbus, standing, as he does, as the grand exemplar of the Catholic faith in the new world. In the name of all my family I pray your grace to accept the assurance of our most profound respect, and to you, gentlemen and ladies of the club, permit me to express my best wishes for your welfare."

As the duke finished speaking the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen arrived and were given a cordial welcome. Accompanying the earl and countess were Lady Arnott, Miss Arnott, Miss Brown, Miss Walsh and Miss Sullivan, all of Dublin, and Miss Emmet, of New York. The ducal party consisted of the Duke and Duchess of Veragua, Hon. Maria de Colon de Aquillera, Christobal Colon y Bertadona, Commander and Mrs. Dickens.

The Duke of Veragua was, by resolution, made a member of the Columbus Club.

OTHER GUESTS PRESENT.

The following guests of the club with their ladies were also present:

A. Armour, W. Boldenweck, H. J. Downey, A. C. Durborow, W. S. Edwards, J. F. Fowler, James Hannan, Gallard Hunt, J. F. Kelly, J. J. Kinsella, John McLaren, W. P. Nixon, S. W. Rawson, C. R. Samson, M. E. Stone, A. N. Waterman, J. H. Stubbs, J. D. Bingham, L. C. Collins, C. Donahue, M. F. Egan, W. G. Ewing, M. C. Follansbee, R. W. Holmes, W. J. Jefferson, J. F. Kettelle, C. C. Kohlsaat, R. J. Murphy, A. M. Rothschild, S. O'Brien, C. F. Smith, W. Weadley, W. H. Thorne, C. C. Bonney, H. J. Desmond, John Dunne, B. S. Eckhart, N. K. Fairbank, J. E. Gary, W. D. Kerfoot, J. Hutchinson, Aug. Jacobson, J. D. Kretzinger, H. W. Nolan, A. E. Pyatt, W. H. Russell, P. O. Stensland, J. V. Van Inwegen, P. Clowry.

CLUB MEMBERS PRESENT.

The following members of the club and their ladies were present: W. H. Allen, T. J. Amberg, M. M. Bardon, T. E. Barrett, E. A. Beauvais, D. Bergevin, John P. Boyle, J. P. Boughan, D. F. Bremner, M. Brennan, A. Brosseau, J. H. Burke, P. O. Byrne, T. J. Callinan, W. P. Carey, T. S. Casey, R. W. Clifford, F. T. Colby, M. J. Corboy, C. E. Corrigan, William Cox, M. Cudahy, W. A. Cummings, D. DeLaney, T. E. Dennehy, J. H. Amberg, W. A. Amberg, J. M. Brennan, J. F. Barrett, P. T. Barry, J. Z. Bergeron, T. W. Berry, P. K. Bowen, M. J. Bransfield, D. F. Bremner, Jr., J. Brenock, Z. P. Brosseau, J. M. Burns, C. P. Caldwell, W. L. Campbell, J. C. Carroll, P. Cavanagh, G. H. Cochrane, T. Connelly, J. J. Corcoran, T. E. Coghlan, J. F. Cremin, F. E. Croarkin, A. Cummings, D. A. Daly, T. F. Delaney, M. De Tamble, J. W. Amberg, E. A. Arcuet, J. P. Barrett, T. F. Barry, A. M. Bergevin, J. Birmingham, J. F. Bowers, M. J. Breen, T. Brenan, H. J. Brodeur, E. O. Brown, J. P. Byrne, B. Callaghan, A. A. Canavan, John M. Carroll, J. V. Clarke, T. J. Cochrane, J. S. Cooke, D. Corkery, J. H. Coughlin, J. D. Cremin, John Cudahy, E. Cummings, J. E. Dalton, W. A. Delaney, F. A. Devlin, John Devlin, W. F. Donohue, A. J. Doyle, Jr., A. Druiding, E. J. Dunne, Harry R. Eagle, Wm. T. Egan, W. H. Fitzgerald, William J. Fortune, G. Franchere, F. J. Gallagher, D. J. Gallery, John Gately, John Gibbons, T. Glassbrook, P. H. Goodwin, J. Guerin, E. F. Halligan, E. J. Hayes, J. E. Healy, P. J. Healy, F. Helmholz, S. A. Hennessy, T. S. Hogan, J. P. Hopkins, J. S. Hyland, T. F. Judge, E. M. Keeley, E. A. Kelly, Thomas Kelly, Joseph Kenney, T. S. Kiernan, P. Kiolbassa, J. J. Larkin, W. G. Lloyd, W. A. Lydon, C. J. Magee, C. A. Mair, M. C. Markham, P. McAdam, W. McCoy, J. T. McEnery, J. J. McGrath, P. McHugh, J. McMahon, J. F. Meagher, T. A. Moran, T. F. Mullaney, W. D. Munhall, J. Murphy, J. E. Murphy, J. Diggles, A. J. Doyle, W. A. Doyle, J. M. Duffy, James Dunne, Patrick H. Early, Wm. J. English, Wm. C. Foley, George P. Foster, N. Franchere, D. P. Gallagher, R. C. Gannon, William Gately, Rev. P. D. Gill, E. T. Glennon, A. J. Graham, T. E. Guerin, T. P. Hallinan, J. J. Hayes, J. T. Healy, J. B. Heany, Rev. F. S. Henneberry, Washington Hesing, J. E. Holland, J. Hughes, W. J. Hynes, A. J. Keefe, T. F. Keeley, J. J. Kelly, E. F. Kennedy, J. B. Keogh, F. D. Kinsella, John J. Kreer, John Larney, S. T. Loftis, A. M. Lynch, P. Magevney, H. B. Mair, C. V. McAdam, J. McCabe, W. McDonnell, R. M. McEvoy, J. P. McGrath, D. M. McKindley, F. W. McNamara, W. P. Mellon, R. W. Morrison, T. H. Mullay, C. Murphy, J. A. Murphy, Jr., J. G. Murphy, J. Donnersberger, M. Dupuis, J. W. Deant, T. J. Duffy, M. J. Dunne, James J. Egan, Thomas A. Evoy, Peter Fortune, John V. Fox, O. J. Franchere, M. F. Gallagher, John W. Garvey, John Gaynor, P. F. Gillespie, C. F. Goodwille, A. W. Green, Charles Halla, David Hayes, P. D. Hayes, J. J. Healy, A. C. Helmholz, W. P. Henneberry, A. C. Hickey, W. H. Hoops, T. D. Hurley, O. A. Jackson, C. E. Keeler, D. F. Kelly, M. W. Kelly, John P. Kenny, M. W. Kerwin, J. E. Kinsella, D. A. Lapoint, T. Leonard, W. M. Luken, M. F. Madden, P. Maher, R. P. Mann, J. V. McAdam, J. J. McCarthy, A. W. McDougald, C. H. McGrath, W. A. McGuire, G. D. McLaughlin, J. McVoy, T. R. Melody, F. H. Mudd, J. J. Mullin, D. J. Murphy, J. B. Murphy, M. W. Murphy, B. P. Murphy, J. Naghten, J. L. Nelson, F. J. Niehoff, F. O'Brien, W. H. O'Brien, J. O'Malley, A. B. Perrigo, A. Plamondon, W. M. Plautz, T. A. Quinlan, G. W. Reynolds, Rev. D. Riordan, Peter J. Rowan, John F. Ryan, P. J. Ryan, W. L. Schaub, J. M. L. Sexton, J. M. Smyth, G. W. Smith, D. J. Swenie, G. B. Vosbrink, J. W. Walsh, A. J. Ward, C. S. Winslow, F. S. Wright, F. A. Naghten, M. S. Naghten, N. J. Nelson, O. E. Niehoff, J. F. O'Brien, T. E. O'Brien, W. J. Onahan, C. T. Picard, C. A. Plamondon, H. J. Powers, J. M. Reddy, P. H. Rice, Joseph A. Roe, M. J. Russell, John J. Ryan, Wm. W. Ryan, D. B. Scully, P. J. Sexton, J. C. Smith, P. W. Snowhook, A. P. Thatcher, J. J. Wade, Richard Walsh, Andrew Weber, E. D. Winslow, H. Wrightson, J. J. Naghten, N. J. Neary, W. P. Nelson, L. E. Nolan, W. V. O'Brien, F. A. O'Donnell, W. E. O'Neill, A. D. Plamondon, G. Plamondon, R. Prendergast, W. P. Rend, J. R. Rigney, T. E. Rooney, A. J. Ryan, P. F. Ryan, J. A. Sackley, T. W. Sennott, T. J. Shay, W. H. Smith, J. W. Sullivan, M. St. P. Thomas, T. B. Wade, W. J. Walsh, C. Whitgreave, J. A. Wolford, W. W. Young.

OBITUARY.

MR. RICHARD WOLFE.

Richard Wolfe, son of James Wolfe, of Cratloe, Athea, county Limerick, Ireland, died recenlty at the home of his aunt, Mrs. Hartnett, Abbeyfeale, county Limerick. He was 19 years old. The circumstance of his death was distressing. He was attending Queen's College, in Cork, and was on his way home to spend a few holidays. He stopped to pay a visit to his aunt, and took sick and died in a few hours. He had won high honors at college, and was a very promising young man. His brother, Patrick Wolfe, is in Rome, studying for the priesthood.

HELP THE "OLD MAN"

When He Is Sick, Hard Up and Generally on the Shelf, says Eleanor Kirk.

One Duty of American Girls, Who Marry, Is to Be Prepared to Support Their Husbands and Children in Case of Need.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., May 8.—"There is no expression more common than, "If I were in your place I would do thus and so." We cannot even think ourselves in another's place, much less occupy it, and so it comes to pass that such advice, however conscientiously given, resolves itself into words, and nothing but words. We are each of us individuals, or ought to be, and by the process of evolution must be, and consequently we must work out our salvation, or what means the same thing, our own development. If another could work this out for us, there could be no real individualization. Our perplexities are our very own, to be borne or conquered by ourselves. In other words, these burdens are adapted to our special needs, and it is utterly impossible for any human being, however wise, to ever approximate to an intelligent understanding or consciousness of another's environment.

So, when a sorely-tried, heart-aching wife and mother asked me what I would do with a drunken and abusive husband, "if I were in her place," I can say on general principles that I wouldn't live with him, and that is the very first thing I should say on "the spur of the moment." On general principles I believe that no woman should submit to constant disrespect, vulgarity and profanity, to say nothing of cruelty, but when as in the majority of instances these women are without means and utterly unable to earn a dollar, and food and shelter are only theirs, by submitting to the daily trial of their lives, who would dare to advise starvation?

Sometimes I have feared that our readers would grow weary of my everlasting effort to impress upon them the necessity of an education in thoroughly practical lines before marriage. But there is nothing more important in the training of our daughters, and my steady iteration of this truth comes from a knowledge of misery which very few women have had. With a heart tuned to sympathy with the unfortunate, and leading a public life, it has been my—I was going to say misfortune—I mean my good fortune, to become acquainted with every possible form of sorrow and suffering. When I say that two-thirds of the trouble among married women which I have investigated could have been prevented, if they previously had been taught how to earn their daily bread, I am not guilty of the least exaggeration. Many times have I been called to account for the following words: "Do not marry until you are positive that you not only can support yourself, but your husband and children also." I do not mean that it can ever be a woman's duty to provide for a dissipated and unfaithful man, but it should be her privilege, if she desires to do so, and nobody has any right to interfere with her work. But trial and poverty do not always come through the medium of cruelty and dissipation. Failure in business, loss of position and illness, frequently paralyze the efforts of the best men, and why is it not just as much of a duty for a wife to help her husband if he needs it, as for the husband to take care of the wife during times of perplexity and tribulation? I never could tell. Of course when a girl marries a man for no other reason than to be supported, the complexion of the case is materially altered. Then the poor creature has made a bid for unhappiness, and she generally gets it.

The above lecture was inspired bp the question which is constantly coming to me, "What would you do if you were in my place?"

Just as you do dear sister, because I should be you.

For those who are asking for more light on the subject of Mental Science, I am thankful to be able to recommend most heartily the *Journal of Realistic Idealism*, published by Ada Wilmans Powers, Atlanta, Ga., and should these friends desire instruction, I advise them to send for the $5 Preliminary Course of Lessons.

No human being can possibly study this course faithfully and conscientiously, and fail to receive help; and it is no emotional and ephemeral help, but one that comes to stay. It opens doors in walls that heretofore have shown no crack for the light to stream through. Whatever the circumstances, life can never be the same thing that it was before reading these inspired lines, for conviction is born of every paragraph. This reconstructing and vivifying literature should be in the possession of every woman, yea, and of every man.

It may be—far be it from me to say that anything cannot be—a good deal of nonsense is talked about the effect of certain fruits upon the digestion, and when I am informed that some folks would give anything if they could only eat strawberry short-cake, I am inclined to think that these persons simply think they cannot. But, "as a man thinketh, so is he," and I suppose that settles it.

But I think that the majority of them could think differently, and I want to say to them that a properly made, perfectly raised strawberry short-cake will not hurt anybody, and the following is the best recipe for this delicacy, this food for the gods or goddesses, that was ever spun out of an intelligent brain:

Take a pint of sifted flour, rub into it a generous tablespoonful of butter. Dis solve a Fleischmann's compressed yeast cake in a little warm water, and add warm milk enough to make a soft dough. Let it rise till very light, then divide in equal parts, roll into sheets, let rise again ten minutes, and bake in separate pans. Bake in a quick oven, and when done, butter each layer, and then pour the strawberries, which have been well sweetened and slightly bruised, between the sheets and on top. Do not add the strawberries until it is time to serve.

"My mother says that no one has the right to interfere with what God has made, and if I have pimples and other things on my face, He put them there, and they ought to be there."

This is a fragment of a letter from a young woman, who has lived for several years in a constant state of mortification in regard to her personal appearance. If "mother" has a pain her head, or her chest, or her stomach, does she that God put it there and it ought to stay? I am sure she does not. She does what she can, and as fast as she can, to get rid of it. As God is all good, he cannot be the author of pains or pimples. All-Good would not wish to have a dear little girl grieved about her lack of beauty and wholesomeness. There isn't a bit of logic in such a proposition.

ELEANOR KIRK.

CATHOLIC KNIGHTS OF AMERICA.

High mass was celebrated Tuesday morning at St. Francis' church, Newberry avenue and Twelfth street, in the presence of the supreme officers of the Catholic Knights of America and its national delegates. His Grace Archbishop Feehan preached the sermon, and the services of mass were conducted by the Rev. P. J. Muldoon, chancellor of the archdiocese, assisted by other clergymen. The choir was accompanied by an orchestra.

Soon after these services the regular biennial meeting of the Catholic Knights of America convened at Washington Hall, No. 64 Adams street. Delegates sat in the meeting from almost every state in the Union. The meeting was perhaps the most important in the society's history. The 500 members of the Order in Chicago actively contributed their strongest efforts to the success of the meeting. It was in the year 1877 that benevolent and fraternal order known as the Catholic Knights of America was first organized. The meeting of leading Catholics which resulted in its formation was held in Nashville, Tenn., in that year. The Right Rev. Bishop Feehan, now archbishop of Chicago, says the *Tribune*, was first to suggest such an order He believed that a society of fraternal qualities on which might be engrafted an insurance feature would be for the benefit of the Catholics of the country. Accordingly he pushed the plan vigorously, and sixteen years ago the Knights, as an organization, came into being. The first supreme council was held in Louisville, Ky.; the second in Indianapolis, the third in Cincinnati, the fourth in St. Louis, the fifth in New York, the sixth, which was six years ago, in Chicago; the seventh in Chattanooga, and the eighth in Philadelphia. The present supreme council convened at Washington Hall Tuesday afternoon was the ninth since the body was organized. The more populous states sent two delegates and the lesser states one each. Headquarters of the visiting delegates were established at the Palmer House.

THE SITUATION IN IRELAND.

Mr. Jas. Killelea's Letter to the Editor of the Tuam "Herald."

[*Nashville American, April 27*]

The Tuam (Ireland) *Herald* of April 15, contains the following letter, which will be read with interest by all who are interested in the Irish situation:

NASHVILLE, Tenn., March 26.—*To the Editor of the Tuam Herald, Dear Sir:* It is some time since I have communicated to the Tuam *Herald*. Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule bill for Ireland is now before the house of commons. Reading a very stirring appeal for aid for Ireland in an address issued at London, on Feb. 18 last, by the following gentlemen: Justin McCarthy, John Dillon, Ed Blake, Timothy M. Healy, Thomas Sexton, Wm. O'Brien, Michael Davitt, Arthur O'Connor, Thomas P. O'Connor, I write the *Herald* my views on what I think of that appeal, and what effect it will have in this country. Has that appeal to the friends of Ireland in America created any enthusiasm here? Not in the least. As I have stated in my former letters to the *Herald*, all the eloquence that ever emanated from Irish orators, past or present, could never arouse Irish-American enthusiasm among Ireland's kindred in the States, until unity is effected in the Irish parliamentary party, the same as when the Irish parties were united from 1880 to 1890.

Read what a thrust the McCarthy appeal shoots at the Parnellite party (that the Independent Irish Nationalists had consented to become mercenaries to a British administration.)

The Redmond party claims also the McCarthyites are the enemies of a true Home Rule bill for Ireland. This is how we in this country understand the trend of Irish political feeling among the divided parties in Ireland. I would suggest to them for the good of Ireland to close their ranks.

If they want the full strength of the friends of Ireland in America to cooperate with them in their struggle for Home Rule, both parties should come together and bury all differences and work shoulder to shoulder as one party. When that time comes and unity is perfected, the appeal for aid to Ireland's friends in this country will cause joy and enthusiasm and be generously responded to. Until then not. Yours truly.

JAMES KILLELEA,
President of the Parnell Branch, I. N. L. of America.

THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL.

An Interesting Tale of the Irish Wars in the Seventeenth Century.

A Bold and Valiant Struggle for Homes and Altars by the Chivalry of Ireland.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "Under the White Cockade," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

The career of Owen Roe had been a sterring one since, nigh twelve months before—not long after Hamilton's raid on Sligo—he had landed from Captain Anthony Fleming's ship at Doe Castle, in Donegal (after having made the long voyage from Dunkirk round the North of Scotland), bringing with him about a hundred officers and a large quantity of arms and ammunition. At a general meeting of the Ulster clans, held at Clones in Monaghan, he was appointed "General-in-Chief of the Catholic Army" of the North, his kinsman, Sir Phelim, the former commander of that army, contenting himself with the title of "President of Ulster." The new General proceeded at once to Charlemont, before whose wall he soon gave evidence of his military skill, when, being surprised while out hunting with a small body of his troops by a large force under Monroe, he repulsed the Scotch troops with great slaughter in a narrow lane near the fort, and defeated them again on the following day. A short time previous to his arrival in Leitrim his first mishap had occurred, his creaghts falling into an ambuscade laid for them by the enemy at Clones. Still the occasion served but to brighten the General's prestige, for with his small division of 1,000 foot and 100 horse he skilfully covered the retreat of the creaghts, bravely contending with the vastly superior forces of Colonels Stewart, Balfour, and Mervyn, so that the Irish loss was but small; and soon afterwards he had ample revenge for Clones. Attacked at Portlester in Meath, by 3,000 determined Puritans under Lord Moore of Mellifont, he drew up his force for the fray with his usual admirable foresight. The battle had scarce begun, when Lord Moore was struck lifeless by a round of grape from a connon levelled, it was said, by Owen Roe's own hands—an event recorded by a "camping chaplain" of the period in a curious distich:

"Contra Romanos mores, res mira, Dynasta
Morus ab Eugenio canonizatus erat!"

"Rome's ancient rights are now but lightly prized,
Since Moore by Owen Roe was *canonized!*"

Moore's colleague, General Monk, afterwards the celebrated restorer of the Stuart dynasty, issued the order to retreat, but the impetuous Irish tore through his wavering ranks, and it was with a sadly reduced army he gained the shelter of Drogheda. Owen Roe and his soldiers were now fresh from this victory, and no wonder that the rejoicing Irish everywhere accorded him and them a glad and excited ovation.

Drawing rein in the centre of the lawn, O'Neill made a brief but characteristic speech to the surrounding multitude. The fighting general was a man of few words, but the short, pithy sentences he uttered inspired courage, faith, and hope in the breasts of those whom he addressed.

"Thanks, men of Breffny," said he, "for your warm welcome to my soldiers and myself. I am happy to tread the soil of your chivalrous country, and to meet the brave men whom I now see before me. I was proud to hear that the clansmen of Breffny and Sligo were amongst the first to take up arms in our holy cause of hearth and altar. I was proud to hear how from the first they valiantly resisted, and still resist, the power of the ruthless tyrant yonder—whom Heaven will soon aid us to drive like a wolf from the fair plains of your ancient territory. Courage, I say, brothers! Breffny for the Breffnians! and away with the cold-hearted stranger—away with the *bodagh* Albanach! Again I thank you for your welcome. I have come here to drill and recruit the force under my command, and when I leave Breffny a free country, I hope to leave it with a large, brave, and disciplined Irish army at my back."

A burst of rapturous applause followed, during which the general dismounted, and accompanied Owen O'Rourke and the other chieftains into the castle to enjoy the hospitality of Breffny.

Thenceforth the day was one of general rejoicing and festivity, and far into the night Dromahaire was a scene of native mirth and merry-making. The night brought with it a rather singular occurence for Edmund O'Tracy, an occurrence which shall now be related.

It was long after nightfall when he quitted the castle hall, with its merry crowd of guests, its harpers, its foaming goblets, and its brilliant torches, and sauntered forth on the lawn. Here as merry and lively a scene was presented to his gaze. The lawn, brightly illuminated by several large, flaring bonfires, was occupied by a large concourse of people, who each and all seemed to be giving full vent to their national proclivity for the dance. On the level spaces in the light of the fires large groups of dancers, composed mainly of O'Neills soldiers, ably seconded by the pretty colleens of the neighborhood, were mirthfully gliding through the mazes of some sprightly rinka. The screaming and droning of the Irish bagpipes mingled with the shouting, laughter, and exclamations of the Milesian votaries of Terpsichore. Music, jest, and laughter resounded everywhere, blended with the regular tread of feet merrily beating time. The crowd seemed a chaos of gliding, whirling, and agitated forms, and ever-changing faces that glowed in the ruddy light of the huge fires, which leaped and crackled as if in harmony with the general glee, showing the spectral outlines of the castle keep and the dark surrounding trees, and sending bright pyramids of sparks leaping in myriad coruscations into the moonlit night overhead.

As Edmund paused to survey at his leisure this joyous and animated scene, a flood of memories, dear, tender, though oppressive, came stealing upon his heart, drawing after them a burden of sad and bitter thoughts and regrets which made the whole gladsome spectacle seem a mockery of him and his woe, causing him to turn away with a pang of sorrow. To him there was one great and serious want in the merry-making, a dull void to be filled only by an absent maiden whose place knew her no more—

"At the dance in the village
Thy white foot was fleetest—
Thy voice 'mid the chorus
Of maidens was sweetest."

Oh, for one view of thy light form, one glance of thy dark eye, one sound of thy sweet voice, gentle Kathleen Ny-Cuirnin!

"What! Emon O'Tracy, and not dancing!" exclaimed aloud a comrade on recognizing him. "No dance for me tonight, Shawn," was the answer, and he sadly turned away. After him like a shadow stole the tall trooper. Leaving the lawn, he wandered into the adjacent wood, rambled in pensive thought along a vista leading deeper and deeper into its recesses, and at length halted aimlessly on the brink of a small stream, his attention unconsciously arrested by the romantic beauty of the spot. A bright summer moon threw her pale radiance over the scene, showing the woody wilderness of stately trees and cavernous recesses, and playing on the white cascades of the stream leaping along over its rocky bed beneath a luxuriant tangle of foliage.

Not long had he stood enjoying the tranquil beauties of nature under her summer-night aspect, when a rude touch on the shoulder caused him to turn with a start. He saw comforting him a tall trooper in steel helmet and "jack," whose countenance, as far as the moonlight enabled him to observe, seemed somewhat familiar to him, thought it was now disguised by a very wrathful and gloomy expression.

"What seek you?"

O'Tracy, startled by the malevolent glance which met his own, stepped backwards as he spoke, laying his hand instinctively on the hilt of his sword.

"Thy life," was the answer in a fierce and determined voice, hoarse with pent-up passion.

"Who and wahat are you that you should seek my life?" inquired Edmund, after he had surveyed the other for a few moments in silent astonishment.

"Thy bitterest enemy," was the answer; "and now put me no more questions, for, *corp na diaoul*, the thought of your villainy is setting the heart in my breast on fire. Listen, O'Tracy, you demon of evil, the black wrong and ruin of one I held dearer than life lies at your door, and I've sworn to wipe out the crime in your heart's blood. I might have run you through as you stood, but I am a soldier and love fair play. You shall have a chance for your base life, and that will be to fight for it, now and here—just on this smooth bit of grass that the moon lights up so brightly for our accommodation. Come—draw!"

Throwing himself into a position for combat, the soldier unsheathed his long sabre, which glittered coldly in the moonlight. But Edmund stood motionless and unprepared, irresolute what course to take. The trooper, fearfully excited, again addressed him:

"Ho, man, art thou a white-livered spalpeen and a rascal both? Wouldst thou shun the fight, coward? Hast thou not steel on thy blade, mongrel, or I'll cut you down where you stand, for, as heaven is above us, but one of us quits this ground alive."

"Perhaps you have made a mistake," ventured Edmund, "in taking me for your enemy. I know not wherein I have injured you."

"Oho, that is but a shabby shift. You are O'Tracy, the dalta of Owen O'Rourke yonder at the castle?"

"Yes."

"Then you are my enemy, and you or I die here tonight. As for the injury you've done me, I'll hiss the story of it in your dying ear. On guard!"

There was no further use of evasion. Edmund drew his sword and threw himself into a posture of defeuse. His adversary rushed upon him furiously, and instantly the loud clashing of steel rang out upon the night air. The moon shed her calm, holy refulgence upon the scene of combat, the stream bounded and danced by, murmuring its sleepy song, and the tall trees stood up dark, silent witnesses around; and there in the midst of the calm of nature the two men, foot to foot and blade to blade, struck and lunged at each other in deadly combat. The wild birds of the grove fluttered uneasily on their perches, alarmed at the clangor of the striking steel.

Clash!—clash!—clash!

Suddenly, ere blood was drawn, two dark figures darted forth from the wood, and a third blade struck up the weapons of the combatants, while a tall and powerful form forced itself between them.

"Very brilliant play that, gentlemen, but the business is rather inopportune," said he of the interposing form. "Sorry to interrupt an affair of honor, but the general will not tolerate the duello within his outposts. Please put up your swords, and, if you be of us, let me tell you that you will find better use for them against the enemy yonder than turning them against one another's lives."

The speaker was Miles the Slasher.

"Hallo!" continued he, as he scanned the faces of the late combatants, "young Emon O'Tracy, as I live, and—what? Niall, the best and bravest trooper that ever threw leg across a saddle, how is it I find you so engaged? By the beard of Ragallaigh, I am all amazed."

"I will explain, Colonel," said the trooper, speaking in ominously calm and deliberate tones, though betimes his voice trembled with wrath—"I will explain it all to *you*, though heaven knows the tale is a sad, sad, and shameful one, *mavrone* that I should tell it. Hear me. It is nigh three years since this serpent here, this accursed O'Tracy, first came into our home on the shore of Lough Gill, and laid his evil eyes on my one darling sister, my poor Kathleen, dearer to me than my heart's blood. She listened to his smooth, flattering tongue, and his visits grew more frequent—withered be this hand that did not plant a skian in his bleak heart at the first, and end his life and his love-making together! When the war began I took my sister for safety to a friend at Glen Nephin, and then, after a time, I brought her back to Sligo, where the last I saw of my poor girleen was in July last, just before the raid of the bloody Albanach. Since then, during my soldier life in Ulster and Leinster, I have often heard whispers that made my heart and brain burn and my hand tremble for vengeance on this infernal *bodagh*. Colonel, spare me the pain of saying more on this subject—a hundred thousand curses!—is it not on the lips and tongue of every rough soldier in Breffny? Stand by, then, in the name of justice, and let us proceed."

As the speaker finished, O'Reilly and his companion exchanged exclamations of surprise.

"This is strange," muttered the Slasher.

"Very strange, indeed; the wrong demands atonement, but there are better ordeals than that of battle; would that such feuds were of the past," said his companion, a man of ordinary stature, whose form was enveloped in the folds of a large clock, and whose features were undistinguishable beneath the broad leaf of his hat.

"You wrong me, Niall O'Cuirnin," cried Edmund, vehemently, after listening in angry amazement to the accusation of Kathleen's brother, whom he now recognized; "you wrong me foully, and bitterly—I will swear it on the holy cross. I know not who has thus poisoned your mind against me, but I swear your words are vile and hideous as hell, and did another than you, her brother, utter them, I'd cram the base calumny down his black throat with my sword."

"To the proof, then," quote the soldier, grimly, again advancing his blade, and assuming a fighting posture.

"Stay, Niall," exclaimed O'Reilly; "let the young man tell his story; by this hand I can credit nothing evil of Emon O'Tracy."

"Thanks, O'Reilly, for the good word," said the latter, warmly.

"Speak then, young man," said the fourth party, addressing Edmund: "we await your explanation of this unpleasant affair."

Then clearly and faithfully our hero related all he had heard or seen of Kathleen Ny-Cuirnin since the beginning of the war—which, as the reader knows, was very little—adducing the evidence of O'Dowda and others to vouch for the truth of his narration. When he concluded, Miles O'Reilly seized his hand and wrung it heartily.

"There is truth in your honest face, Emon, and I believe your every word."

"The explanation is both good and true," said O'Reilly's companion; "so sheath your swords"—and there was a peculiar ring of authority in his voice as he spoke. The ex-combatants did as desired.

"Now," continued he, taking and joining the hands of the late adversaries, "although my vocation is rather the opposite, let me perform the office of peacemaker for the honce. Happily there is no further cause of feud between you, but rather for close and united action, both in your country's cause and in seeking out and saving the maiden so dear to you both—heaven preserve the poor child wherever she be! And if he can cement your souls in amity and brotherly love, no nobler action could satisfy the hopes of Owen Roe O'Neill."

The speaker raised his Spanish beaver as he uttered the last words, and the moonlight showed the manly features of the general.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

GAELIC POETRY.

Cuimhe na Marbh.

[Leis an g-Craoibhin Aoibhinn.]

An uair a cáineann siad gráth
Na n-daoine nach bh-fuil beó,
Bh-fuil náire ort aon fhocal ráth,
Air ocht g-ceud deug acht dó!
Ni'l ann acht tráill,
No droch-chineál
A mhasluigheas a thir,
Acht ógánaibh
Mar tá sibh,
Sibh ólfas glainne fior.

So sláinte geal na n-daoine broágh,
Na n-daoine nach bh-fuil beó,
Fuair cuid aca thar sáile cráth,
A's cuid aca ann só:
Fuair siad bás
Gan aon sólás
Acht d'fhan a g-cló-san beó,
'S ann ógánaibh
Mar tá sibh
Béidh cuimhne orra go deo.

Och! fad ó Eireann, fad ó bhualdh,
Tá cuid aca 'nna luighe:
Ni cara riune dóibh a n-uaigh,
Acht colmhthigheach gan chroidhe.
Cidh cadrainn féin
A's iad, mo leun!
Tá'n an t-sáile mhór faoi chúbhar,
Ann ógánaibh
Mar tá sibh
D'fhág siad meisneach ár.

Tá cuid aca 'nna luighe le fad
Ameasg a muintir féin
I d-talamh Eireanncach atáid
Faoi dhealrughadh sámh na gréin',
'S nár bh-fada é
A Dhé! go m-béidh
Sliocht ár aris faoi bhláth—
Ogánaibh
Mar tá sibh
Mar iad sin gan sgáth.

D'éirigheadar i n-aimsir bhocht,
Air son na tire seó,
A's lasadar smeurdidh, i riocht
Nach múchfar é go deo.
Mo leun! fuair neart
An bhualdh air cheart,
Do thuiteadar gan láth,
Acht ógánaibh
Mar tá sibh
Is lionmhar sibh a n-dió.

So sláinte geal orra go buan!
Deágh-shláinte! is biodh sí
'Nna lasair a bheir solus dóinn,
'S mhdineas dóinn ár slighe;
Béidhmid go bráth
I m-brón, no ráth,
'Nn ár n-Eireannaighibh go deo,
Ogánaibh
Chomh dána
'S fir ocht g-ceud deug acht dó.

The Memory of the Dead.

Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
Who hangs his head for shame?
He's all a knave, or half a slave,
Who slights his country thus;
But a true man, like you, man,
Will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,
The faithful and the few—
Some lie far off beyond the wave,
Some sleep in Ireland, too;
All—all are gone—but still lives on
The fame of those who died—
All true men, like you, men,
Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands
Their weary hearts have laid,
And by the stranger's heedless hands
Their lonely graves were made;
But though their clay be far away,
Beyond the Atlantic foam—
In true men, like you, men,
Their spirit's still at home.

The dust of some is Irish earth;
Among their own they rest;
And the same land that gave them birth
Has caught them to her breast;
And we will pray that from their clay
Full many a race may start
Of true men, like you, men,
To act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days
To right their native land;
They kindled here a living blaze
That nothing shall withstand
Alas! that Might could conquer Right—
They fell and passed away;
But true men, like you, men,
Are plenty here today.

Then here's their memory—let it be
To us a guiding light
To cheer us on to liberty,
And teach us to unite.
Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,
Though sad as their's your fate;
And true men, be you men,
Like those of Ninety-Eight!"

"The Memory of the Dead" is admittedly not only the best and most popular song of the Young Ireland era, but it is also the truest and noblest expression of the feelings of Irishmen and women as we find them in the whole gamut of efforts to sing our sentiments in the English tongue. Lest it should share the fate of the "Exile of Erin," which was claimed by Campbell two years after its composition by George Nugent Reynolds, it ought to be made generally known that its author is Professor John Kells Ingram, Senior Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. The song appears anonymously in Michael Joseph Barry's "Songs of Ireland" ("Library of Ireland" series). It is followed by a dash in "The Spirit of the Nation." Dr. Douglas Hyde, president of the Irish National Literary Society, translated it into Irish while yet a student in Trinity College. He gave it to the writer of this note in 1887, for publication in the *Celtic Times*—a paper not much read outside Gaelic clubs. Its appearance in the *Weekly Freeman* will give it a much larger circulation than it could possibly get in a small paper started for a year to effect some reforms, and then die. The translation is at once a triumph of ingenuity and of genius. The difficulty of expressing "Ninety-Eight" in Irish was so great as to dispel all hopes of giving the translation in the original metre until Dr. Hyde happily hit upon the phrase "eighteen hundred less two." It will be seen on comparing the translation with the original, how wondrously literal is the rendering, when we consider the wide difference of structure and idiom that separates the two languages. It will be observed that the translator addresses the young men rather than men in general. He must have had the young Gaels, upon whom he has recently bestowed not a few generous compliments, before his mind, and looked to them for the preservation of a more enduring nationality than the necessarily evanescent political nationality which is unfortunately absorbing so much of the time and life of Ireland.

MICHEAL CIOSOG.

—*Weekly Freeman.*

EXCITEMENT IN A DUTCH VILLAGE.

History of a Curious Custom In the Ancient Land of Dikes.

One night in October we were startled by the ringing of the alarm bells. We expected to find a fire, but the peasants as they tumbled out of their door shouted, "The cows! The cows!" which brings us back to a curious bit of local history and custom. As is well known, the Zuyder Zee is kept back from these villages by a great dike that connects sand dune with sand dune. During the low water of summer the sea retires for a long distance and the uncovered shore becomes fine pasturage, giving the farmers a chance to convert their own meager grass patches into hay for the winter. Unfortunately this provision of nature cannot be enjoyed by all.

It is a bequest to these villages from a countess who died in the year 1642; to speak exactly, each descendant of a resident of the villages of Laren, Blaricum and Huizen of that date has inherited the right to pasture seven cows. This privilege cannot be brought or sold; it can be acquired only from an ancestor of the village of that date. When the spring comes, the cattle are driven to the pastures, where they remain for the summer. Their owners commonly live miles away, and it necessitates two daily milking trips, on which they jog over in a cart with the cans and pails at midday and midnight.

The pastures are hundreds of acres in extent, and for a long time it puzzled us how an owner could find his cows on a dark night, but we discovered that they have trained their animals to come to a certain place at the same hour each day and night by always carrying to them some dainty in the shape of salt and potatoes. During the summer these pastures are used without danger, but in the autumn the succession of northerly gales, in conjunction with a high tide, will put the land under many feet of water.

Sometimes the inundation is so sudden that the cattle are caught by the rising waters and drowned. So at the beginning of September watchmen are always stationed on the dike to keep a sharp lookout upon the sea. The church towers of the villages are all in sight of one another, and the Huizen tower is in close communication with the dike. With a rise of the sea the man on the dike hangs up a lantern; if the sea rises more he hangs up two, which is a danger signal, but if it rises fast three, which says, "Great danger; come quickly." Similar lights are flashed from tower to tower by watchers in the belfries, and at three lights the alarm bells are rung.

This was the alarm we heard, and in 10 minutes the roads were thronged with people on foot and on horseback, rushing to the rescue of the herds. This year none were drowned, but it was perilous work, and the peasants heaved long sighs of relief as they told us the details and announced that the cows were safe in the stables for the next six months.—H. W. Ranger in Century.

Peter the "Mint Bird."

If you have a silver dollar of 1836, 1838 or 1839, or one of the first nickel cents coined in 1856, you will find upon it the true portrait of an American eagle that was for many years a familiar sight in the streets of Philadelphia. Peter, one of the finest eagles ever captured alive, was the pet of the Philadelphia mint and was generally known as the "mint bird." Not only did he have free access to every part of the mint, going without hindrance into the treasure vaults, where even the treasurer of the United States would not go alone, but he used his own pleasure in going about the city, flying over the houses, sometimes perching upon lampposts in the streets. Everybody knew him and admired him, and even the street boys treated him with respect. The government provided his daily fare, and he was as much a part of the mint establishment as the superintendent or the chief coiner.

He was so kindly treated that he had no fear of anybody or anything, and he might be in the mint yet if he had not sat down to rest upon one of the great flywheels. The wheel started without warning, and Peter was caught in the machinery. One of his wings was broken, and he died a few days later. The superintendent had his body beautifully mounted with the wings spread to their fullest extent, and to this day Peter stands in a glass case in the mint's cabinet, where you may see him whenever you go there. An exact portrait of him as he stands in the case was put upon the coins named.—Harper's Young People.

Sandwich Islanders and Their Priests.

The Kahunas exerted their powers in different ways, and formerly every chieftain of note had his pet Kahuna. In the matter of conferring with the Kahunas as to the advisability of instituting a certain undertaking or as to what the outcome of such an undertaking would be the process was much the same as the oriental plan of consulting the oracle. There were Kahunas who removed the evil spirits and who made the sick well, and, more influential than either of these, the Kahuna who prayed the Kanaka to death.

With the advent of the missionary in the islands and the abolition of idolatry the Kahuna industry received a setback, and the priests and prophets of the order have been slowly but surely losing their grip, until at the present time the Kahunas that remain command the fear and respect of but a few and are rejected by the many as mountebanks.—Honolulu Cor. Chicago Tribune.

Correct Speech Is Rarely Heard.

There are errors that are fallen into as frequently by the educated as by the ignorant. It is say to say that nine people in ten in using the expression "wile away the time" for instance spell and pronounce it "while away," etc. An instant's thought is sufficient to convince one that "wile" is the word, yet how few give that instant! It is a singular fact that absolute correctness of speech is so rarely heard that it is in danger of being mistaken for affectation when it is met.—Boston Advertiser.

When Jackson's Nose Was Pulled.

Mr. James Carrigan, a venerable Baltimorean, was living in Alexandria, Va., on the memorable occasion when Lieutenant Randolph pulled President Jackson's nose. "Lieutenant Randolph," said Mr. Carrigan yesterday, "who was at sea in the service of the government, was at the death of the purser of the vessel appointed purser, and he was charged with appropriating $10,000 from the funds. He was tried and found guilty, and President Jackson said to him, 'You are not fit to associate with the chivalry of America.' Some time after that it happened that the president and a number of other persons left Washington to attend the laying of the cornerstone of the monument to Martha Washington. Their boat stopped at Alexandria, and Lieutenant Randolph boarded her and walked up to the president and began to take off his gloves.

"I wasn't there at that moment, but I was told that the president made some remark about there being no need to remove his gloves. Lieutenant Randolph suddenly stretched out his hand and pulled the president's nose. I saw Randolph running from the wharf as I was about to go on the boat to learn the cause of the commotion. I climbed up above the crowd to get a look at the president's nose, for every one of us felt that the whole country had had its nose pulled. Just then a man named Thomas said to Jackson, 'Mr. President of the United States, give me permission, and I will kill the villain,' to which I heard Jackson say, 'Thank you, I can fight my own battles.'"—Baltimore Sun.

A Bow That Paid Very Well.

A Kansas commercial traveler, while taking in the sights in Chicago, visited one of the principal horse marts of the city and discovered in the auctioneer, who was selling a beautiful team of carriage horses, a "formerly of Kansas" livery stable keeper, of whom he used to hire teams. The bidding was exciting, and the auctioneer had evidently taken the last bid and was crying: "Three hundred and seventy-five! Do I hear four? Going at three seventy-five! Going! Going! Third and last call, and"— Just then he caught the eye of the Kansas commercial traveler, who gave a "Chesterfield bow" in recognition, which the auctioneer took for a bid. "Four hundred I have. Who'll say four fifty? Going at four hundred. Going! Third and last call, and sold to the gentleman from Kansas."

The Kansas C. T. was in a quandary how to explain the mistake, when a gentleman stepped up to him and offered $50 for his bargain, which was accepted with alacrity. When the sale was over, the C. T. and the auctioneer had a cordial meeting, and in the course of the conversation the Kansas C. T. remarked that "politeness always pays" and produced the $50 he had just made as an evidence of the fact. It is needless to add that there was hilarity galore when the result of the Chesterfield bow became known.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Outpost Duty In the Russian Army.

In the German army every soldier is taught to act intelligently on outpost service and in scouting operations, and this is not too much to require in a country where every soldier reads and writes and can readily understand a map and compass. In Russia, however, where nine-tenths of the people cannot read or write and have lost the faculty of thinking consecutively, the army cannot teach the soldier much more than to move as with a machine. In order to have a force of good men for picket work and advance skirmishing they have adopted this plan:

Each company sends four of its most intelligent men to a select body called the scouting corps, and as the Russian regiment has four battalions, with four companies each, that gives a regimental scout force of 64. This service is very popular, for it is full of variety, and though the hardship is great the food is good, for hunting and fishing are in the programme. The men are practiced in every kind of woodcraft and are expected to develop as much ingenuity and self reliance as an Indian scout in our service. They must sail, row, swim, climb, find their way by map and compass, slip through the enemy's lines, procure every variety of information and escape capture at all hazards.—Poultney Bigelow in Harper's.



SIX POINTS, out of many, where Doctor Pierce's Pellets are better than other pills:

1. They're the smallest, and easiest to take—little, sugar-coated granules that every child takes readily.
2. They're perfectly easy in their action—no griping, no disturbance.
3. Their effects *last*. There's no reaction afterwards. They regulate or cleanse the system, according to size of dose.
4. They're the cheapest, for they're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or your money is returned. You pay only for the *good* you get.
5. Put up in glass—are always fresh.
6. They *cure* Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Sick or Bilious Headaches, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels.

CONSUMPTION
SURELY CURED.

To THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M.C., No. 183 Pearl Street, New York.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by Druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

REVERSES IN BUSINESS

Failure of H. H. Warner, the Patent Medicine Man.

THE CRASH HAS BEEN EXPECTED,

Although Mr. Warner Maintained That He Was Coming Out All Right—The Chemical National Bank of Chicago, with a Branch at the World's Fair, Closes Its Doors—A Pottery Company in Financial Trouble—Other Failures.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 9.—Ever since April 17 when Arthur G. Yates assigned as a result of indorsing for Hulbert H. Warner the collapse of Mr. Warner, the world-famed patent medicine man, has been expected. In spite of his inability to meet his notes as they became due Mr. Warner has steadily maintained that he was coming out all right. He has spent much time in New York endeavoring to obtain remittances from the Warner concern of London, but they never came. His attorney, Marsenal H. Briggs of this city, has spent much time in conference with bankers of New England and New York and has succeeded in obtaining extensions on $150,000 worth of Warner's paper.

Made the Assignment.

The day that Yates failed suit was commenced against Warner on a $5,000 note held by Pennsylvania parties. This was followed by other suits aggregating about $30,000, and by the heavy action brought by Yates' assignee for upward of $65,000. The time for taking judgment by default on the first of these suits expired and brought matters to a crisis. The arrangement made with eastern creditors was that an extension of time would be allowed Warner if the plaintiffs in these suits would agree to a similar extension. This the latter would not do, even when plainly told that Warner's assignment would follow the docketing of judgment. In view of these facts, Warner decided to assign immediately and the necessary document was filed. The assignee is Job E. Hedges of 39 West Twenty-sixth street, New York city.

CHICAGO BANK FAILS.

It Had a Branch Establishment at the World's Fair.

CHICAGO, May 9.—The Chemical National bank of this city, which established a branch at Jackson park, where World's fair concessionaires have been depositing their cash, has closed its doors. It is hoped that the assets will satisfy the liabilities, but nothing definite in this respect could be discovered by National Bank Examiner Sturges, who was asked to take charge of the affairs of the institution.

"It is true that the bank has closed its doors, and I do not think it will open again," said Adlai T. Ewing, second vice president of the Chemical bank. "It was as much a surprise to me as anybody and at this time I do not think one-half of the directors know that the doors will not be opened. The trouble was a lack of confidence in the money market. We run short of cash and we thought it wise to discontinue business and cease to struggle against what seemed to be the inevitable. For a week past the clearings have been very large.

In the Hands of a Receiver.

TRENTON, N. J., May 9.—The Ott & Brewer Pottery company, one of the oldest works in the country, of which ex-Congressman John Hart Brewer has been manager, went into the hands of a receiver on Mr. Brewer's application. The petition filed estimates the liabilities at $137,025, of which $68,243 are in promissory notes. Vice Chancellor Bird appointed ex-Sheriff John Wright as receiver, who filed a bond for $50,000. Mr. Brewer while in congress was a champion of the protective tariff system, and in his petition says his failure is due to the great depression in trade and uncertainty as to the future.

Failure at Detroit.

DETROIT, May 9.—Horace Hitchcock, Son & Co., wholesale woolens and tailors trimmings, have filed a chattel mortgage in favor of W. H. Brace as trustee for their creditors. The mortgage is for $27,300. The firm's embarrassment is caused by the stringency in the money market.

Cincinnati Branch of Cordage.

CINCINNATI, May 9.—Augustus V. H. Ellis appeared before Judge William H. Taft in the United States court and asked that a receiver be appointed for all properties owned or controlled in Cincinnati by the National Cordage company. The judge granted the request.

THREE NEGROES LYNCHED.

They Murderously Assault a Man and Then Rob Him.

LITTLE ROCK, May 9.—Jesse Norman, a young merchant of Beardon, a small town in southern Arkansas, was struck in the head with an ax and robbed by three negroes. Norman was standing in the rear of his store when assaulted. His two sisters discovered him lying in an unconscious condition. James Stewart, Dick Benson and Abe Rane, three negroes, were lynched by a mob composed of about fifty men. Each one of the negroes confessed to having a hand in the assault and robbery. Young Norman is still unconscious and his death is expected at any time.

Must Feed Their Own Convicts.

LITTLE ROCK, May 9.—The act passed by the legislature abolishing the lease system has gone into effect. The Arkansas Industrial company, late lessee, has turned over 700 convicts to Superintendent R. W. Worthen, of the state penitentiary. The care of these convicts, their food, medical care, and guarding involves the expenditure of nearly $10,000 per month.

Ate Too Much Pork and Beans.

COLUMBUS, O., May 9.—Three hundred convicts in the state prison were made deathly sick by eating a big dinner of fresh pork and beans. The halls resounded with their yells after midnight, and the corridors resembled a lunatic asylum. The guards thought that cholera had broken out, but the doctors pronounced it cholera morbus. One hundred reported at sick call next morning.

Woman Burned to Death.

PROVIDENCE, May 9.—Mrs. Mary McCann met a horrible death. She was gathering wood on a dumping ground near Center street. She got too close to a place where some cinders were smoldering and her clothing caught fire. Her clothing was completely burned from her body. She lived in horrible agony until late in the evening.

HIGHER THAN EVER BEFORE.

Gloomy Prediction Regarding the River at Helena, Ark.

HELENA, Ark., May 9.—The river now stands but five feet below the highest water mark ever recorded, and is steadily rising. Well informed river men predict that it will reach a point higher than ever reached before. This gloomy prediction is based on the report of the present condition of the upper rivers. The people whose property is behind the levees and on whose durability their fortunes depend, are not to make the mistake of being too sure of the ability of the levees to keep out the coming great waste.

The levee board has inaugurated a system of guarding the levee throughout the whole system. Whenever there appears a weak place dirt and sacks are being put on and the levees strengthened. Night guards are placed on duty who patrol the whole length of the levee. Some farmers who are living in the bottoms above Helena are making preparations to move their horses, mules and cattle to this place.

Fatal Fire at Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, May 9.—The large four-story mill at Orchard and Tacony streets was burned with a loss of $200,000. The first, second and fourth floors were occupied by Bromley & Burns, manufacturers of lace curtains, and the third floor was occupied by Caldwell & Antrim, umbrella manufacturers. Harry Knight, an employe, had his skull fractured by jumping from the third-story window and Joseph Taylor, a firemen, was killed by falling walls. The fire was caused by a glue pot boiling over. Bromley & Burns lose $150,000, with an insurance of $120,000, and Caldwell & Antrim about $50,000, with $30,000.

Illness of Bishop Whipple.

MINNEAPOLIS, May 9.—Bishop Whipple of Faribault is lying ill in this city. He arrived here Saturday night with the expectation of holding confirmation services Sunday at All Saints' and St. Paul's churches, but was taken ill with an abscess of the nose and ear. He has been a sufferer from an affection of the nose for some time, and for this reason he has been spending the winters in the south. He returned home a short time since, and it is thought that the sudden change in the temperature brought on the old trouble. The bishop is 71 years old.

Remarkable Escape from Death.

CHICAGO, May 9.—Mrs. Maggie Lynch, of 4330 Union avenue, was struck by an engine at Forty-seventh street and the Pennsylvania tracks and thrown twenty feet. She was rendered unconscious, but beyond two or three cuts, escaped serious injury. Mrs. Lynch was carrying her 3-months-old baby, and when struck the child dropped between the rails, the engine passing over its little body without so much as inflicting a scratch. The crossing is noted for its fatalities, many men and women having met death there.

Three Men Drowned.

DIXON, Ills., May 9.—While engaged in repairing the dam in this city Mayor Watson and seven men were washed over the dam, three of the party being drown. They were Robert Downey, Richard Hobaugand Mayor Watson. A large flatboat, loaded with stone, was being used. The cable which held it at anchor stretched in such a manner so as to allow the boat to tip so that it stood almost on end. All but one of the men were carried off by the waves. The four men who escaped did so by hanging to a log till rescued.

Total of Sixteen Victims.

CAIRO, Ills., May 9.—Fourteen of the victims of the disaster on the steamer Ohio are now dead and two more will undoubtedly die, making a total of sixteen out of twenty-three. One of the most remarkable escapes was that of Aaron B. Johnson, a white boy, 15 years of age. He jumped overboard and swam to a floating tree, 100 yards distant, to which he clung until a boat could be sent to his rescue. He was badly burned about the body and may die, as he inhaled a great deal of steam.

Catholic Knights of America.

CHICAGO, Ills., May 9.—The tenth annual session of the supreme council of the Catholic Knights of America convened at Washington hall. The meeting will be an important one. The chief business will be the discussion of a proposition of settlement from the defaulting ex-Treasurer J. O'Brien. He is now in Chicago with a proposition to settle by payment of $5,000 carte and security to pay a like sum every six months until the defalcation is made good.

Hotel Men in Convention.

CINCINNATI, May 9.—The Hotel Men's Mutual Benefit association met in the assembly hall of the Grand hotel. Mr. L. A. McCreary of Detroit, presiding. But little business was transacted outside of hearing the financial report of the treasurer. The annual election resulted in Mr. W. L. Jacques being chosen to succeed Mr. McCreary as presiding officer. At 1 o'clock Mr. E. N. Roth of the St. Nicholas entertained the delegates with a luncheon.

Made a Happy Mistake.

CHICAGO, May 10.—George Drussell visited 108 Green street, where his young wife was visiting her sister. Being refused admission, he drew a revolver and fired several shots through a door panel at his wife. Thinking he had wounded her Drussell fired a bullet into his own head. The wounded man is now at the hospital. He cannot recover. Mrs. Drussell was unharmed. They came from Clinton, Ia.

Caravels En Route to Chicago.

NEW YORK, May 9.—The fleet of Columbus' relics, the caravels, have started for Chicago by way of the St. Lawrence river. The Pinta will be towed to Quebec by the United States cruiser Chicago, and then will be towed by the Bennington. The Santa Maria will sail under her own canvas. The caravals will be dismantled at Quebec in order to go under the locks and bridges between there and Chicago.

Explosion of an Oil Tank.

CHICAGO, May 9.—Two men were burned, one of them fatally, by the explosion of a tank of oil in the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad company's gas house. Ferdinand Raasch, a fireman, was burned about the arms, hands, throat, and legs and will die. Moses Forlon, also a fireman, was burned about the face, hands, and arms, but will recover.

The Spider Accepts a Fight.

BOSTON, May 9.—Ike Weir, "the Belfast Spider," has received from New York an offer of a $1,000 purse to fight Johnnie Van Heest, of Chicago, or Jerry Barnett, of New York, ten rounds. The Spider has accepted.

ILLINOIS LEGISLATURE.

What the Law Makers Are Doing at Springfield.

SPRINGFIELD, May 4.—In the house the butterine bill, which was a special order, was postponed. The bill to locate a hospital for the insane somewhere west of the Illinois river was read the second time. It appropriates $400,000. It was amended to require the institution to be located north or west of the Illinois river.

SPRINGFIELD, May 5.—The senate has passed the following measures: Joint resolution to adjourn the legislature sine die May 26; bills—making it unlawful to record plats of additions to cities or towns without approval by county commissioners; appropriating $5,000 to live stock commission; appropriating $233,000 for the southern penitentiary, $14,000 for improvements at the soldiers' home and $14,100 to the state library of natural history; requiring life and accident companies to obtain certificates of authority from the state auditor; making the tangible property of coal companies assessable instead of capital stock.

The bill appropriating $100,000 to establish an industrial home for the blind was sent to third reading, as was the bill to regulate the provisions of special assessments in cities, etc., which was made special order for next Wednesday. A bill was introduced to appropriate $12,000 for the prosecution of suits against ex-auditors and ex-treasurers. Bartling, O'Malley, Craig, Knopf and Bogardus were appointed a committee to investigate Lincoln park, Chicago. A bill was introduced to investigate the condition of the Lincoln monument.

In the house the vote was taken on permanent location of the state fair, and Peoria won on the third ballot, the vote standing: Peoria, 87, Decatur, 53; Springfield, 4. A bill was passed to create a drainage district for the benefit of the American bottoms. The bill to provide for the organization and management of fraternal beneficiary societies was made special order for Tuesday next. The bill to prohibit pool selling in any city of 100,000 population or within ten miles thereof, was read a second time, and an amendment offered including East St. Louis in its provisions.

SPRINGFIELD, May 6.—The house has passed the senatorial apportionment bill, 77 members voting for it. The senate sent to third reading the bill providing that the matter of assessing poll tax shall be decided locally. The report on the schoolbook and furniture trust was recommitted. Both houses have adjourned to Monday evening.

Got a Verdict for $5,000.

DETROIT, May 8.—Mrs. Ella Metcalf this afternoon secured a verdict for $5,000 damages against Mrs. Belle Tiffany for the alienation of the affections of Mrs. Metcal's husband. The charge is one of the most unique ever made in a Michigan court and the trial has been as sensational as the charge. Mrs. Metcalf's husband, who is a physician, had an office in Mrs. Tiffany's home, where husband and wife were boarding. Mrs. Tiffany was a widow, had considerable money, and conceived a great liking for Metcalf, which he reciprocated. Mrs. Tiffany finally gave the doctor $2,000, with which he secured a decree of separation from his wife.

Minister to Persia Named.

WASHINGTON, May 8.—The president has announced the following appointments: Alexander McDonald of Virginia, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Persia; Wallace S. Jones of Florida, to be consul general of the United States at Rome; Stephen Bonsal of Maryland, to be secretary of the legation of the United States to China. To be consul general of the United States: James B. Taney of West Virginia, at Belfast; Alfred D. Jones of North Carolina, at Shanghai; Charles T. Lyons of New York, at Zanzibar; Harvey Johnson of Georgia, at Antwerp.

Revolution in Nicaragua.

WASHINGTON, May 8.—Official confirmation of the report that a revolution had been started in Nicaragua was received at the state department from Mr. Holman, commercial agent at San Juan del Sur. Mr. Holman cabled that a serious revolution was in progress, with fighting going on in the interior and there was no communication to be had with Managua, the capital of the country. San Juan del Sur is situated on the west coast of Nicaragua. When asked whether the United States would take any action with reference to the revolution, Secretary Gresham said this government had nothing to do with the matter.

Five Tramps Killed.

DAYTON, O., May 8.—Train No. 4, northbound, and consisting of two sections, stopped near Tadmor for water. The crew of the first section neglected to display the customary rear lights and the second section, running at a high rate of speed, dashed into the rear end of the first section, wrecking eight cars. The engineer and fireman of the locomotive attached to the moving train saved their lives by jumping an instant before the crash. In one of the wrecked cars of the first section were seven tramps beating their way toward Lima. Five of them were instantly killed.

Serious Railway Wreck.

DENVER, May 8.—A serious wreck occurred on the Union Pacific road about four miles south of Boulder in which a number of persons were injured, some seriously. The rails spread, throwing the rear coach, which was crowded with people—a number of whom were on their way to the World's fair—into the ditch. The injured are; H. M. Russell, Los Angeles, Cal., seriously; Charles Dabney, Boulder, Colo., internally; Mrs. Dabney, slightly; Miss Mattie Wilson and A. J. Mackey, Boulder. The injured were brought to the Union Pacific hospital in this city.

Ex-Minister Lincoln Sails.

LONDON, May 8.—The Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, the late American minister, traveled on the "Eagle train" to Southampton accompanied by all the members of the American legation, General William S. Falbe, and dozens of Americans and others who bade him farewell as he sailed home on the American line steamship New York. The new American consul general, the Hon. Patrick A. Collins, has begun the duties of that office.

Accident to Bishop Foss.

CHICAGO, May 8.—Bishop Cyrus D. Foss, of Philadelphia, who is in attendance at the Methodist conference at Evanston fell down a stairway in the house where he is stopping and dislocated his left shoulder. His condition is such that he will be confined to the house several days, and will probably be unable to participate further in the meeting of the bishops.

FRIGHTFUL DISASTER.

Express Train Jumps the Track at Lafayette.

GOING A SEVENTY-FIVE MILE RATE.

The Brakes Failed to Work on a Grade and the Train Rushes into the City, and Jumps the Track at the Depot, Killing Ten Persons—Boiler Explosion on a River Steamer Kills Seven Persons—Many Others Badly Scalded.

LAFAYETTE, Ind., May 8.—The most disastrous and complete wreck, both as regards fatalities and damage to property that ever was known in this vicinity befo the Big Four fast express from Chicag early in the morning, ten persons losing their lives. The train was due here at 12:52 o'clock, and left Templeton, 18 miles from here, about three minutes late. The engineer was trying to make up the lost time. There is a heavy grade about two miles long running into the city. When the train struck this it was discovered that the air brakes would not work and the engineer called for brakes and whistled the danger signal, but the speed could not b checked and the train shot down the grade and across the Wabash river at the rate of about seventy-five miles an hour. There is a short curve where the track enter the Union depot, and at this point t train left the track, tearing through the depot, knocking down the iron sheds, and smashing the express, two mail cars, and a combination car to splinters, and piling the rest of the train on top of them, the engine being buried out of sight. The escape of the passengers was miraculous, as every coach rolled over twice. The work of rescuing the bodies of the killed and giving medical aid to the injured began at once. Some of the injured were taken to the St. Elizabeth hospital and the rest to the Bramble House. A number who were only slightly injured refused assistance and helped in the work of rescue.

Died While Doing His Duty.

The appalling condition of the wreck, coupled with the darkness and the confu sion incident to such a catastrophe, and also the chronic reticence common among railroaders, rendered the obtaining of information a difficult task. Employes who had been on the train and escaped were bewildered and could not give a lucid account of anything that happened. Engineer Walsh was seen by the fireman of a Big Four freight train that was lying on the west track near the depot as the express dashed by. He was at the throttle apparently reversing the engine. When the locomotive left the track it turned on its side and Walsh jumped. He was caught by the front car and jammed into the works of the engine, which were still running. His body, which was mangled beyond recognition, was not rescued until late in the afternoon. The bodies of McInnis and Chadwick were also terribly mutilated. Not one of the passengers killed was aboard the train. They were waiting in the depot to board it, and, hearing the approach of the train, which could not be seen, stepped out of the waiting room under the sheds and were caught, as was also Meyers, the hackman. John Lennon was sitting in his mail wagon, from which he could not escape, and was killed in his seat.

List of the Victims.

The names of the killed are: Engineer Michael Walsh of Indianapolis, Fireman Sterling McInnus of Urbana, Ills.; Charles S. Cahill, traveling man, Indianapolis; Otto Gresselson, Ontario, Can., or Alhambra hotel, Chicago; E. D. Myers, postal clerk, Logansport; J. C. McMahon, American Express messenger, Cincinnati; Charles Meyers, hackman, Lafayette; A. R. Chadwick, postal clerk, Cincinnati; Jesse H. Long, postal clerk, Lebanon, Ind. All the above were killed outright except Gresselson, who died shortly after being taken out, and Long, who died at the hospital about noon. The following passengers were injured: Jeff Reese, Kempton, Ind., bruised and cut about head and shoulder, right arm badly cut; Richard Jones, Pontiac, Ills., badly cut and internally injured; Louis Leffler, Fowler, Ind., bruised and cut; Sophas Bergenhale, Milwaukee, cut on right arm and dangerously injured internally; William Place, Frankfort, Ind., cut and bruised; Charles Roush, Lafayette, leg broken. The following postal clerks received slight injuries: C. A. Wissel, A. W. Carnahan, L. A. Wetsel, Henry Elder.

ACCIDENT ON A STEAMER.

Seven Persons Killed and a Large Number Badly Injured.

CAIRO, Ills., May 8.—As the steamer Ohio was passing Wolf island at 7 o'clock in the morning a flue in one of the boilers collapsed. Twenty-two men were scalded by the escaping steam, six of whom died. The dead are: Thomas Wood, captain of the watch; Hampton Collins, W. W. Hurshman; three others, names unknown. Most of the following are badly scalded, and several will probably die: R. W. Carew, Danville, Va., will probably die; C. J. Pallman, Orange, N. J., badly scalded; John Ralph, hands scalded; Aaron Johnson, Memphis, second cook, slightly burned; Dickey, Newport, Ky., seriously injured; Edward Ross, burned about the body; D. R. Randolph, Covington, Ky., body scalded; Gilbert Childres, Holden Tate, Fred Neil, Charles Jackson, Charles Thomas, James Howard, Evans Freeman, William Jackson, William Henry.

Cyrus Myers, the second mate, is missing and supposed to have been blown overboard. None of the other officers or cabin passengers were injured. The dead, wounded, and survivors were brought to this city by the steamer Ægeus, which chanced to reach the scene two hours after the accident occurred. The Ohio is owned by the Memphis and Cincinnati Packet company and, aside from the collapsed boiler, she was not otherwise injured.

Burglar Runs Against a Man-Trap.

PARSONS, Kan., May 8.—George Swope, a negro hailing from Fort Scott, met with an unexpected reception in an attempt to burglarize a pawn shop here. He succeeded in forcing the back door when a gun which had been set inside, was discharged and he receiving the contents in his right hip and thigh, inflicting wounds which will probably prove fatal.

Has No Time for Ed Smith.

CHICAGO, May 8.—Peter Jackson, champion pugilist of Australia. England and the Pacific slope, says that he will pay no attention to the challenge issued by Denver Ed Smith to fight for $5,000 a side. Jackson does not think that Smith is in earnest.

THE SUNDAY CLOSERS.

Telegraphic Protests Received by Attorney General Olney.

WASHINGTON May 8.—The allegation that the World's fair managers proposed after all to open the gates of the fair on Sunday led many persons who were opposed thereto to file telegraphic protests with Attorney General Olney entreating him to interfere with what they regarded as a violation of the law and a desecration of the Sabbath. Some of these protests came from individuals and others from persons representing religious associations. Among the individuals is James H. Hartington of Brooklyn, who telegraphed: "In the name of congress and Christianity stop Sunday opening at the World fair."

Among the associations were the "Philadelphia Sabbath associations," representing Evangelical Christians, and the "Massachusetts Sunday Protective league," the latter stating that the petition asking that the World's fair be closed Sunday represented 40,000,000 of the best citizens of the country, and calling on the government to use the National troops if necessary "to maintain inviolate local authority and keep the fair closed on Sunday." Protests also came from Cincinnati, New York, Grand Rapids and a committee claiming to represent 100,000 people of Chicago.

The attorney general, it is said, took no steps in the matter, and if he had desired to act at all it is probable that the later determination of the managers not to open the gates of the fair Sunday reached him before he had an opportunity to fully consider the matter.

ARMY BILL REJECTED.

The Reichstag Dissolved Amid Scenes of Wild Enthusiasm.

BERLIN, May 8.—The army bill was rejected in the reichstag by a vote of 210 against the bill to 162 in favor of the bill. Immediately upon the result of the vote being announced Chancellor Caprivi read the imperial message decreeing the dissolution of the reichstag. The social democratic members displayed the wildest enthusiasm over the result. They hurrahed repeatedly, following cheer with cheer. Great confusion and uproar prevailed in the house and public excitement is at its highest pitch in Berlin.

Failure of S. V. White.

NEW YORK, May 8.—S. V. White & Co. announced their suspension at 10:45 o'clock. S. V. White's sheet went through the clearing house all right and his checks were certified. "Deacon" White was very much broken up. He was besieged by his friends and brokers through whom he had been dealing. It was not until after 10 o'clock that Mr. White realized that an assignment was necessary. No idea of the extent of the failure could be learned at the office. At 11:10 a. m. Mr. White made the following statement to the press: "The unexpected drop in all securities has made it impossible to realize on securities or to collect margins to meet my engagements."

British Sailors Desert.

NEW YORK, May 8.—The Times says: It is learned that the British flagship Blake has lost over forty men of her crew up to Saturday last by desertion. The British armored cruiser Australia has lost several men, and the two British cruisers Magicienne and Tartar have lost twenty men between them. In all the British fleet has lost by desertion more than seventy men since its arrival in this port. From officers of the Blake it is learned that the men who have deserted are sailors whom the ships could well spare. The United States affords no opportunity to British officers to capture runaways. Once the British sailor reaches shore he is safe from capture.

Another Cyclone in Texas.

GAINESVILLE, May 8.—A number of residences were unroofed and small houses were demolished by a cyclone. Three miles south of this city Mr. and Mrs. Blackburn were probably fatally injured. Near Fairplains a Santa Fe train was completely lifted from the track with exception of the engine. Brakeman S. A. Gunn was killed outright, Conductor William Terrell received a scalp wound, and Roadmaster T. S. Maple was cut on the head and injured internally. Trainmaster J. F. Byrne received a scalp wound and his wrist was broken. Conductor F. A. Taylor was badly cut and will probably die.

Cyclone in Ohio.

WILMINGTON, O., May 8.—A cyclone passed directly through the center of town, wrecking scores of buildings and dwellings and dwellings, including the court house, city hall, postoffice, Methodist, Baptist, Christian, and Catholic churches. The Catholic church was swept away from its tower. More than a dozen persons were injured, among whom are William Bloom, Jonathan Hartman, Caleb Hazzard, L. McNama, and two children. A babe 2 months old of Mrs. W. W. Clevenger was buried under a mass of brick. When rescued it was still sleeping in its cradle. The damage foots up in the thousands.

National Cordage Affairs.

NEW YORK, May 8.—An injunction was served against the officers and receivers of the National Cordage company forbidding them to transfer any stock to another from any name at present in use. The injunction was asked for by a stockholder of the company. At 11 o'clock the governors of the Stock exchange were in session to take action on the matter, as the injunction ties up all the stock now held in transfer by the trust. Receivers Loper and Young have taken legal steps to have the injunction vacated.

Michael Davitt a Bankrupt.

LONDON, May 8.—Michael Davitt, anti-Parnellite M. P. for northeast Cork, has been adjudicated a bankrupt. This is a consequence of the election contest made by Pierce Mahoney, over whom Mr. Davitt was returned for North Meath at the last general election. The contest resulted in the unseating of Mr. Davitt. It cost £1,800.

Secretary Smith Saves Some Money.

WASHINGTON, May 8.—Secretary Hoke Smith has in compliance with the recommendations of Mr. Browning, the commissioner of Indian affairs, dropped four of the inspectors of Indian schools. The commissioner, in looking the ground over, came to the conclusion that the work could be done by two men as efficiently as by six.

A Doctor and His Sister in Luck.

NASHVILLE, May 8.—Dr. George Williams, of this county, has received a letter from his sister at Pincastle, Va., that by the death of their uncle, Isaac Morgan, of that place, they have fallen heir to a fortune of $2,500,000 in stocks and bonds. Mr. Morgan was 109 years old at the time of his death.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Items of General Interest Picked from Here and There.

Mike Hennifen shot Grant Crank, a neighbor, near Coxville, Ind., twice in a quarrel. Crank may recover.

The building in which Henry Ward Beecher and his wife began housekeeping in Aurora, Ind., has recently been torn down.

Silverstein, a retail grocer of Muscatine, Ia., was held to the grand jury for arson. The store, which he is alleged to have set on fire, is insured for three times its value.

Ward workers of Galesburg, Ills., accepted money from candidates on rival tickets in the recent municipal election. The sheriff threatens to have the grand jury investigate the matter.

At the municipal elections in New Castle, Ind., the entire Republican ticket was elected by a large majority.

Mr. J. M. Barrie, has been invited to become a candidate for the chair of English literature at the University of Aberdeen.

Ishpeming, Mich., Democrats have arranged for the publication of a newspaper, the party being without an organ since the demise of The Daily Herald.

* * *

The house of Andrew Radies at Brasil, Ind., was struck by lightning and nearly torn to pieces. His young son, who had been confined to his bed for months, after the shock could walk with ease.

Ben Fisher is under arrest at Wabash, Ind., for assault with intent to kill. He cut a young companion three times with a razor.

Charles Breun of Sioux City, Ia., was bitten on the hand by a tarantula while handling bananas and is now in a critical condition.

Dave Ferris, who shot and killed a brakeman named Tom Reynolds in a fight two weeks ago, has been captured and is in jail at Creston, Ia.

In accordance with a recent order by Mayor Daniels of Cedar Rapids, Ia., five gambling houses were raided and one occupant heavily fined.

Theodore Roosevelt will continue to serve as a member on the civil service commission by the request of President Cleveland.

* * *

Dr. Lennox Browne, who has stepped into the shoes of Sir Morell Mackenzie in London as an authority on diseases of the throat, was, at the age of 25, Sir Morell's chief chemical assistant.

Indiana block coal operators have formed a modified trust under the title of the Indiana Block Coal company. The headquarters will be in Chicago and sales will be conducted through a common agency.

The Dowager Queen Maria Pia of Portugal, who is a sister of the King of Italy, is a great sportswoman and one of the best lady shots in Europe. She is also a finished musician, a good artist, and an exquisite needlewoman.

Signora Eleanora Duse, the Italian actress, is again ill in New York and has been compelled to abandon her engagement in that city.

Governor Altgeld has issued a requisition on the governor of Michigan for Fred Sass, wanted in Joliet, Ills., for mayhem.

John Collins, wanted for stealing horses near Williamsburg, Ky., has been arrested in Decatur, Ills.

* * *

Mrs. Harriet Fisher, widow of Sterne Fisher, a late paymaster in the United States army, was fatally burned by falling with a lighted lamp at Wabash, Ind.

A piece of the skull of Charley Story, one inch wide and four inches long, was successfully removed at Columbus, Ind. The operation was made necessary by a stroke on the head fifteen years ago.

Pope Leo gave a reception to 1,000 Swiss pilgrims.

Ten deaths from cholera are reported from Finisterre, France.

Senator Proctor of Vermont, with two local capitalists of Knoxville, Tenn., is soon to erect the largest marble mill in the world at that place.

An Italian has been arrested at Beyreuth for uttering blasphemies against the Mohammedan religion.

Thomas A. Edison recently said that he never owned a watch in his life. "I never want to know what time it is," so he says.



Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon of Piqua, O., says the Physicians are Astonished, and look at her like one

Raised from the Dead

Long and Terrible Illness from Blood Poisoning

Completely Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon, a very intelligent lady of Piqua, Ohio, was poisoned while assisting physicians at an autopsy 5 years ago, and soon terrible ulcers broke out on her head, arms, tongue and throat. Her hair all came out. She weighed but 78 lbs., and saw no prospect of help. At last she began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and at once improved; could soon get out of bed and walk. She says: "I became perfectly cured by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and am now a well woman. I weigh 128 lbs., eat well and do the work for a large family. My case seems a wonderful recovery and physicians look at me in astonishment, as almost like one raised from the dead."

HOOD'S PILLS should be in every family medicine chest. Once used, always preferred.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

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CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, MAY 13, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—Augustin Daly's Company.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—"The Fencing Master."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—E. H. Sothern.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"Black Crook."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Sol Smith Russell.

AUDITORIUM.
Congress street and Wabash avenue—Kiralfy's Grand Spectacle, "America."

BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST.
Sixty-third street, Opposite World's Fair—Congress of Rough Riders of the World. Open every day, rain or shine.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, betwee Dearborn and Clark—Charles Frohman's Comedians.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Annie Pixley in "Miss."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—Jeffreys-Lewis.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE MOORE CELEBRATION, MAY 27.

The committee having in charge the Moore celebration, which will be held at Central Music Hall on Saturday evening, May 27, have left nothing undone to make the event worthy of Ireland's greatest national poet. His deathless melodies will be rendered by artists of more than local renown, who have the inspiration of patriotism, as well as of music, to sustain their efforts. Among those who will render numbers on the programme is Mr. M. J. Murphy, of Michigan, the famous baritone, whose collection of Irish National Songs, set to music, has been received with so much enthusiasm by the press and the public. Notwithstanding hypercriticism of Moore, as a man and a patriot, it should never be forgotten by his countrymen that to him, above all others, is due the preservation of their national music, and the knowledge of it, which his genius spread throughout the world. When the emancipation of the Irish Catholics was in abeyance, and even O'Connell's powerful voice, smothered by the prejudice of the English press, which refused to report his utterances, could not reach the British people, high or low, it was the harp of Moore, vibrating in the drawing rooms of the great and powerful, that caused the aristocrary and middle classes of Great Britain to listen to the story of Ireland's misfortunes. Indeed the effect of his marvelous poetry is best told in his own words:

The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains—
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep;
Till thy masters, themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause o'er the song of their captive and weep!

Had there been, in the seventeenth, or even the eighteenth, century a Gaelic bard possessing the genius of Moore, the fine old songs of the Gael, in the original language, chastened and modified, would have been preserved and spread broad cast. They would have been a means of preserving intact the Irish language, because the tongue that embraces the songs of the people never perishes. The most Rev. John McHale, late Archbishop of Tuam, did much to supply the loss of a Gaelic Moore, by his noble translation, and pure versification, of the best of the poet's Melodies. One of these, "The Bard's Legacy," will be sung by Mr. James M. Corrigan at the celebration, and will not be the least attractive number on the programme. The other numbers will be rendered by the talented Mrs. Maude Wells, soprano; and Miss Kate Coffey, contralto, of the Cathedral choir. Mr. Middelschulte, organist of the same, will render the fantasie of Moore's melodies on the organ; Miss Alice Coffey, contralto of St. Mary's church choir, and Mr. J. J. Wynne, tenor of the same, will have important numbers, as will also Mr. Edward J. Quinlan, the gifted baritone of this city. The ever popular Mrs. Clara Murray, the brilliant harpist, will also wake the soul of music on the occasion. Dowling's "Fontenoy" will be recited by Mr. John Lane O'Connor, a talented elocutionist, who has already won golden opinions from those who have heard him.

As the object of the celebration is the formation of the nucleus of a fund for the erection of a statue to Moore in one of the public parks of this city, his Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan, has kindly consented to take the chair on the occasion. He will deliver the opening address, and the residue of the prose part of the programme will be attended to by Mr. Finerty and others. The box office will be open for the sale of tickets on Monday, May 22. For further particulars, readers are referred to the programme on another page.

ENGLISH CATHOLICS AND IRELAND.

A recent issue of the Dublin *Irish Catholic* says:

"The banquet given by the Catholic lord mayor of London (Alderman Stuart Knill) to celebrate the return of Cardinal Vaughan, was an unique occasion. Never, probably, have so many Catholic peers been gathered under one roof, and alternating with them at the high table were seventeen Catholic bishops. It seems, however, to have attracted the hostile notice of some of the Duke of Norfolk's political allies, and we are promised a serious row on the subject when the common council meets next. What has especially excited the ire of the Orange Tories is that the toast of the Pope and the Queen should have been coupled, and, still worse, that Lord Mayor Knill should have placed the name of his Holiness before that of the Queen. The lord mayor's consistency and courage are brought into still stronger relief by the craven manner in which the other English Tory Catholics, and the Duke of Norfolk in particular, are prepared to swallow the insults hurled by Orangemen at the Catholic church. After the Mansion House banquet the lord mayor drove Cardinal Vaughan to the reception in honor of Mr. Burne Jones at the New Gallery, where the entry of the Cardinal in full dress threw everyone else into the shade. The Prince of Wales conversed with Cardinal Vaughan for several minutes."

The *Irish Catholic* conveniently forgot to say that the whole crowd of English Catholics mentioned in the foregoing article, clerical and lay, are bitterly opposed to Home Rule. Lord Mayor Knill, himself, is not more hostile to the Orangemen than he is to the Irish Nationalists, and, by his own acknowledgment, his son-in-law, an Irish Catholic, is as vehemently opposed to Irish liberty as the Grand Master of the Orangemen himself. We cannot understand the hatred of Irish liberty prevalent among English Catholics. The late Cardinals Newman and Manning were noble exceptions. It is an historical fact that, with the exception of the brief reign of James II, Ireland suffered quite as much, in proportion to the power England then exercised over her people, under Catholic England as under Protestant England. This is lamentable but it is true.

LET THE GREEN FLAG WAVE.

Several complaints have reached THE CITIZEN office in reference to the management of the Irish Village at the World's Fair. Where there is so much smoke, there must be some fire. It is not the desire of THE CITIZEN to throw cold water on the Irish part of the Exposition, but it is compelled to take notice of the dissatisfaction that has been expressed, no matter who may be offended by it. Perhaps, owing to the loud flourish of trumpets which heralded the advent of the Irish Village, Irish-Americans expected too much.

One thing all Irish-Americans who have visited the place unite in saying—there is no real Irish flag exhibited over the buildings. The excuse is, we understand, that some of the money to supply the exhibit was subscribed by Irish Unionists, and that they "could not tolerate" an Irish flag over the Village. THE CITIZEN hopes that the foregoing statement is untrue. The Irish National flag must not be slighted under any pretext!

The death of Mr. Peter White, who was a self-respecting Irish Nationalist, has been a great loss to the Irish section of the World's Fair. There is hardly anybody fit to take his place. Had he lived, the Irish flag would have received proper recognition. An Irish village without an Irish flag would be a lonesome looking institution. This may be sentiment, but sentiment has been the saving salt of the Irish cause. But, perhaps, after all, the management may have a satisfactory explanation to make. Following is a letter that has been addressed to us by a respected Catholic clergyman of this state:

"For years past you have been identified with every movement started in Chicago having for its aim the elevation of the Irish cause—whether Ireland or the Irish. Your fearless expression by tongue and pen of Celtic feeling has done noble work for the old land. On the 27th of May last I listened in rapture to your eulogy of Moore and native music. I hope to have the pleasure again. When I think of that magnificent gathering and representation in Central Music Hall last May, and contrast it with our representation in Jackson Park I think and feel there is a mistake some place. Are we represented or misrepresented at the World's Fair? * * * In any period of our country's history were the "young men" of 25 dressed as we see the guards? * * * It is not necessary for me to go more into detail—I will simply say that, to my mind, no class of our people—no style of Irish homes—no dress of the young men of our country is seen at the World's Fair. We are on the stage with the world for an audience, and I think that every true Irishman should demand representation on or elimination from the map of Jackson Park.

"Lady Aberdeen is our friend. We thank her with all the fervor and gratitude of the Irish heart;—but, she is, I think, misguided in her zeal for our betterment. I may be mistaken. I saw things at a disadvantage on the first day, but I think if she does not consent to remove some things, that we Irish priests and Irish people should proclaim our unwillingness to be caricatured. Will you not for the sake of the old land take the thing in hands?"

THE CITIZEN thinks that it would be ungenerous to cry down the Irish Village at the Fair without proper trial. The Countess of Aberdeen has been at great trouble and expense in getting the project under way. She is exceedingly embarrassed by the death of her ablest lieutenant, Mr. White, who had nearly all the plans in his head. At the opening, on Wednesday, everything was in an incomplete condition. Most of the exhibits are still locked up at the custom house. They will be in place within a week, it is claimed, and then a fairer judgment of the general effect can be formed. We have more recent information that Lady Aberdeen is perfectly willing to place the Irish flag on the towers of Blarney Castle; but some Irish-Americans, it would appear, have been saying it was not needed. There will always be a certain proportion of fools, and flunkeys, and cowards in every race. The Irish are, unfortunately, not entirely exempt. Why should not the Irish flag wave over the Irish Village? Are not the Irish as good, at least, as the Turks? Does not the flag of every nation represented fly over its section of the Exposition? Are Irish-Americans content to accept the British flag as the emblem of Ireland? We trow not. They have had enough of the British flag. The Irish flag is no stranger on these shores. Its greatest glory has been won, while exiled, in the armies of France and of America. Its exclusion from the Irish Village would be an insult to every man and woman of true Irish feeling in this country.

WON'T BE A PARLIAMENT.

So the ancient Mr. Gladstone doesn't want to call the proposed Home Rule assembly an Irish parliament! Mr. William Redmond pinned him on this point by a resolution in the commons in which he moved that the unborn Dublin arrangement be called a parliament, not a legislature. As if to emphasize British hatred of the mere shadow even of Irish nationality, Mr. Redmond's resolution was slaughtered by 466 noes to 40 ayes! Henry Labouchere was one of the Englishmen who voted with Redmond and advised Gladstone to accept the suggestion, even if it was but a sentiment. How prophetically Moore depicted "the Union" in his glorious "Song of Sorrow":

Weep on—weep on, your hour is past,
Your dream of pride is o'er;
The fatal chain is 'round you cast,
And you are men no more!
In vain the hero's heart hath bled—
Whe sage's tongue hath warned in vain,
O, Freedom! once thy flame hath fled,
It never lights again!

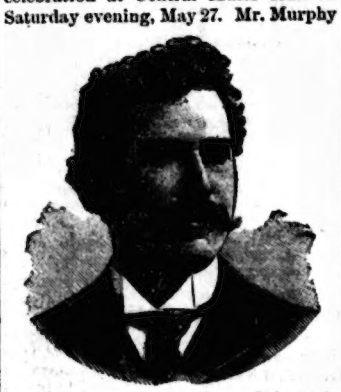
ORANGE DYNAMITE TACTICS.

There was another idiotic "demonstration" of alleged dynamite at Dublin on the night of May 4, which, however, made little or no impression on the public mind, for the reason that no decent person in Ireland, or out of it, would tolerate, much less encourage, such wanton blackguardism under existing circumstances. It is simply "Red Jimism" revived for a purpose, and that purpose is, palpably, the hindering of the progress of Home Rule, as far as such transparent humbug can hinder it. The time is past when the Irish people could be saddled with such asinine proceedings, and their own good sense has properly placed such acts where they belong—on the shoulders of the Orange fanatics who desire to make an impression on the English mind. Fortunately the English themselves are not quite so gullible as they used to be, and the Orange exhibitions in London recently, did much toward disenchanting them in regard to the alleged virtues of "the sturdy yeomanry of Ulster." Following is the telegraphed account of the Dublin affair:

DUBLIN, May 7.—"The police guarded all night the Four Courts, in which a bomb was exploded at 10:40 o'clock last evening. They found in the quadrangular courtyard a time fuse and the fragments of a large zinc canister, similar to those left by the explosion on Exchange court last December. The paving stones in the yard were loosened, but the walls of the court buildings were little injured. The police say that the bomb evidently was thrown into the deep area from the King's inn quay, which is on the River Liffey, between Whitworth and Richmond bridge and just opposite the court buildings. The explosion was heard more distinctly at a distance than near by. It aroused everybody at the Kilmainham barracks, and Lord Wolseley dispatched at once an orderly to report on the trouble. Before midnight thousands had gathered at the Four Courts. Today half the city has been in the neighborhood, but the crowds have been kept back by a double cordon of police, who will keep the courtyard intact until after the arrival of a government inspector. The purpose of the persons throwing the bomb was not to sacrifice human life. At night the Four Courts and all the immediate neighborhood are deserted; so there was not the slightest chance that anybody would be killed by the explosion. The Nationalists believe that the thrower of the bomb intended to embarrass the government. The police attribute the act to a Unionist agent who wished to make the impression that the Irish extremists were eager to remind the people of the Phœnix Park assassinations."

MR. M. J. MURPHY.

THE CITIZEN has pleasure in giving the portrait of Mr. M. J. Murphy, the distinguished young baritone, who will take a conspicious part in the Moore celebration at Central Music Hall on Saturday evening, May 27. Mr. Murphy



is widely known in this city, and throughout the United States, both as a vocalist and a writer. He has a magnificent range of voice, and is particularly at home in Irish ballads. In physical appearance, he is tall, fair and handsome, and is gifted with genial and winning manners.

A GLADSTONIAN JOKE.

Mr. Gladstone must have been in an ironical humor when, speaking in the house of commons the other day on the miners' Eight Hour bill, he said:

"My friend referred by the way of illustration to what we were doing in Ireland and asked whether in this respect we were prepared to have local option in Ireland. It singularly happens that in the year 1886 in proposing the Irish government bill we did face this very question, and we did state that if the inhabitants of the northeastern corner of Ireland, forming a very small and limited proportion indeed of the general community, were resolutely desirous of being exempted from that act we should be prepared to entertain a proposal to that effect. I believe we made that declaration with the general concurrence of those who are termed the Nationalist party in Ireland, nor have we ever withdrawn that declaration, though, of course, we have not attempted to give effect to it in the bill, because small disposition or no disposition at all has been shown in that northeastern corner to accept it."

Fancy the figure Antrim and Down would cut all by themselves on the map of Europe, and fancy either the British or the Irish people consenting to such a thing! No Irish Nationalist ever agreed to such a proposition, notwithstanding Mr. Gladstone's declaration to the contrary. But lapses of memory are to be expected in a man of eighty-three, especially after he has been accustomed to telling a good many political stories, to call them by no harsher term. Or it may have been one of Mr. Gladstone's dry jokes. Antrim and Down are far too shrewd to jump at his proposal. A cold, very cold, northeast wind will be blowing the day they accept it. "Ulster" isn't such a fool as the words and actions of Saunderson & Co. would proclaim her to be.

AN entertainment will be held at Central Music Hall next Monday evening, at which the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, and others, will speak about Irish industries. In addition, a concert will be given.

ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY "blue jackets" deserted from the British squadron in New York harbor during its stay. They can never be recaptured. What a jolly time Jack Bull would have of it if he got into a war with our Uncle Samuel! It would then be impossible to tell the difference between a British man-of-war and a Tapscott "liner." Both would be devoted to the emigrant business.

"LOYAL MIKE" DAVITT is again out of luck. This time, he is declared bankrupt by reason of expenses incurred in the Meath election contest, which he is unable to pay. Pierce O'Mahony forced him to the wall. Davitt has concluded to accept the Chiltern Hundreds, an apocryphal English office, which enables a member of parliament to resign. THE CITIZEN has lost political regard for "Loyal Mike" since he took the oath of allegiance, but it does not like to see him persecuted. It would be a graceful thing for Mr. O'Mahony to forgive Michael the debt, and he would then be a much bigger man than he now is in the estimation of his countrymen in America.

THE CITIZEN ventures to believe that Mrs. Ernest Hart, although an Englishwoman by birth and blood, will not hesitate to fly the Irish national flag over *her* Irish village, when it is formally opened.

DEATH OF BISHOP CONWAY.

Speaking of the lamented death of the Right Rev. Dr. Conway, bishop of Killala, the *Mayo News*, of recent date, says:

"Dr. Conway was veritably a link that connected the present with the past. He has lived to see the face of society assume a new form, through the instrumentality of science and political advancement. The crude and rough ways in vogue, when as a boy he studied Latin and Greek in Ballina, are not now traceable in the changes which have supplanted them. He was eminently a pupil of the old school. He was an eminent theologian, and would have made a distinguished histiographer. An account of his labors during the famine years would fill a most interesting volume. He daily risked his life on behalf of his flock, and it was no secret that he distributed his own means to the extent of leaving himself in want. His charitable disposition and humility of spirit endeared him to everybody. He died as he lived, peacefully and piously, perfectly resigned to the will of the Great Cteator. His loss is mourned wherever his name is known."

REMINISCENCES OF ORANGE HEROISM

"He said that he was not our brother—
The mongrel, he said what was true.
No Erin, my dear Island Mother,
He ne'er had his black blood from you.
Though the milk that flows fresh from thy bosom
Gives vigor and health to his veins
He is nought but a foreign blossom
Blown hither to poison our plains."

One of my earlist recollections is hearing the "dear old folks at home" telling about the cold-blooded atrocities of the Orangemen in glorious '98. My good father (God rest his soul) who was born on the island of Rathlin, about five miles from Fairhead, in Antrim county, often told me that he had frequently seen the midnight skies lit up with the flames of the cottages of the kindly peasantry who had incurred the deadly hatred of the Orange fiends. The house of one of my grand-uncles, named Black, was that year surrounded by a gang of yeomen, one of whom insulted Mrs. Black, whose husband remonstrated with the ruffian. Without the slightest provocation or warning the Orange butcher plunged his weapon into the body of poor Black, laid him a corpse at the feet of his terrified wife, and then boasted of his bravery in killing a Papist rebel. Many a time I was shown a bell rope in the Protestat church in my native town of Ballycastle with which an innocent man was hung by a mob of Orange villains. Almost every Catholic family in Ulster has some such horrible tradition handed down from sire to son. But here is a specimen of Orange bravery when fighting was expected: One day in '98 a rumor came to the quiet little town that a well-armed body of rebels was advancing. Then there was arming in hot haste. The Yeomen cavalry "were eager for the fray." Long had they waited and wished for an opportunity to meet and crush the pestilent Croppies, and here it was at last. Now they would show their English kinsmen that they could fight as well as their fathers at the Boyne, and they did! Before they had made their wills and said their prayers the day had gone past, and

"'Twas now the very witching time of night
When churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world."

The autumn moon, gliding through heavy clouds, cast gruesome lights and more gruesome shadows on the earth; the wind meantime sweeping in from the ocean chaunted weird caoines around the lonely graveyards and haunted ruins which flanked the line of march. But no such uncanny sights or sounds could shake the steadfast souls of these Orange braves. Still, as the night advanced, the scattered ranks instinctively closed up for mutual protection. Just then a vidette rode back at speed and informed the cavaliers that a large body of rebels was close at hand. A halt is called, horse-girths and saber belts are tightened, and the march is resolutely resumed. As the foremost files cautiously ascend a rise in the road, a sight met their eyes which caused a sudden reining of steeds. The captain (who like all great commanders) had kept prudently in the rear, rode up to learn the cause of the halt, and casting an eagle glance ahead, declared that the rebels were there, sure enough, so, turning over the command of the advance to one of his veteran officers, he, with great presence of mind, returned to the rear, to steady that part of the troop. An ominous murmur now passed from man to man as with blanched faces they whispered, "The rebels! the rebels! Their guilty, cowardly hearts told them they had no right to expect mercy at the hands of the people who had been goaded into rebellion by merciless oppression, and they had no stomach to meet their neighbors with arms in their hands. Without waiting to meet the enemy an order was quickly given to 'bout face and fall back on Ballycastle. Never was an order obeyed with greater alacrity. An unseen danger is magnified tenfold, the backs of the Orange heroes being turned to the enemy, the rear ranks being nearest to the danger, began to crowd the front, which yielded very readily to the presure. The gallant captain, being well ahead, began to accelerate his speed. His example became contagious, and soon his brave followers with loosened reins and bloody spurs and panting steeds were galloping with headlong speed for the town, where at daybreak the war-worn, battle-scarred veterans arrived. Dire were the stories of the deadly perils they had encountered and all loyal Brunswickers were adjured to rally round the flag of St. George and defend their homes from the bloody Croppies who were coming hot foot to murder and pillage. Sentinels were carefully stationed to guard against surprise, and the hungry troopers were sent to breakfast. Several hours passed, and as no enemy appeared, it was boldly asserted that the cowardly rebels, fearing the wrath of the Crown's defenders, must have retreated. The brave captain, who was the first to reach the town on the previous terrible night, now selected a chosen band of his best mounted troopers, and placing a few harmless old men (who not being Orangemen must be rebels) in front, ordered his men to scour the country and bring in some intelligence of the enemy. On arriving at the scene of last night's disaster no rebels could be found, but where the panic-stricken Orangemen fancied they saw thousands of bloodthirsty Croppies there stood a large number of what the people call benweeds, which grow four or five feet high, topped with gaudy yellow blossoms, and these, waving in the dim uncertain light, bore a close resemblance to nodding plumes and marching troops, and very naturally caused the Orange stampede. The descendants of the rebels have very tenacious memories, and no doubt the Orangemen of today are often reminded of the flight of their fathers from the field of Benweeds. This is the way the Orange cutthroats fought in '98, and this is the way they would fight now. Faugh! they might bushwhack behind a hedge, shoot down an unarmed man, insult a priest, or abuse a woman, but to stand up in an open field, "man against man and steel to steel," they never did and they never will. They are the lineal descendants of the cowardly, thieving Undertakers. They inherit all their insatiable cupidity, grim black-hearted bigotry, and craven cowardice. In two hundred years they have not developed one of the kindly Irish virtues. As their fathers were, so are they—dark, forbidding enemies of the people they have robbed, and whom they hate because they have robbed. I will look up their record at the Boyne and elsewhere and give it to my fellow-readers of the *Irish World*.—*A. L. Morrison in the Irish World.*

GLADSTONE AND O'CONNOR.

A London correspondent writes: "An interesting spectacle was witnessed in the division lobby the other evening, when Mr. Gladstone encountered for the first time Mr. James O'Connor, the ex-Fenian prisoner, who was returned in the new parliament as member for Wicklow. The G.O.M. was resting himself on one of the benches in the lobby when, suddenly looking around, he recognized Mr. O'Connor, whom he greeted, at the same time asking him had he not been in jail for Fenianism. Mr. O'Connor said that he had spent about three years in Pentonville, nine months in Portland, and eight months in Millbank, from which the premier himself had released him. 'You mean,' observed Mr. Gladstone, 'my Government,' and then asked if Mr. O'Connor had been in Portland when he visited it in 1869; but, as the member for Wicklow put it, in those days a prisoner knew very little about the visit of anyone to the jail, for he was confined to a dark cell for twenty-three hours out of twenty-four. As the premier and the ex-political prisoner walked along the lobby, many eyes were cast upon them. Mr. Gladstone having expressed the opinion that Fenianism had been the outcome of the refusal of the government to concede the demand of O'Connell for justice to Ireland, Mr. O'Connor observed that it was directly the offspring of the corruption and treachery of the Brass Band of Sadlier and Keogh. 'And O'Flaherty,' quickly added the premier, whose mind at once reverted to the period, for O'Flaherty's name is but little remembered in Ireland. Then, shaking his head mournfully, he said, 'Yes, that was the only Irish party that ever yielded to corruption in this house,' and so saying parted with the former political prisoner as they left the lobby. Mr. James O'Connor has been all his life a journalist, and was associated with Mr. Wm. O'Brien, M.P., when the latter conducted *United Ireland*. When Mr. Parnell seized on that journal after the 'split,' Mr. O'Connor left, and threw in his lot with the National party."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Subscriber," San Francisco—For the information you require, write to Justin McCarthy, M.P., House of Commons, London, Eng., or any other member of either wing of the Irish party, same address.

GAELIC ATHLETIC NEWS.

A meeting of the Central Council of the Gaelic Athletic Association was held on Monday night, at No. 94 Dearborn street, Mr. P. E. Quinn presided. Fathers Fitzsimmons and Dore, of the Holy Name church, appeared before the council, and asked the Gaels to take part in the bazaar, now going on at their church. A motion that the various clubs be asked to take part in the matter, was passed. A communication was read from Mr. Leddy, of New York, respecting the arranging of inter-state games during the World's Fair. It was the wish of the Council that the matter be laid over for the present, and have the secretary to notify Mr. Leddy of the fact. A motion that a club failing to appear on the grounds at the time set for such club to take part in a contest, be punished for so offending, was passed. Council then adjourned to meet on Monday, May 15. Delegates are requested to attend.

The advertising of Hood's Sarsaparilla is substantiated by endorsements which in the financial world would be accepted without a moment's hesitation. They tell the story—HOOD'S CURES.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, jaundice.

Lack of vitality and color-matter in the bulbs causes the hair to fall out and turn gray. We recommend Hall's Hair Renewer to prevent baldness and grayness.

IN BELFAST.

What a fizzle they are makin',
What a strame ov Tory spakin'
In Belfast.
Och! ould Ireland's sides are achin',
And wid fun and lafter shakin',
To see the spalpeens quakin'
In Belfast, in Belfast.

Och! I nivir heard such swearin',
Whin the English were appearin'
In Belfast.
There were marchin' and declarin'
That the wurld they would be scarin'
Wid their iloquince so darin'
In Belfast, in Belfast.

There was plinty of Balfourin',
Wid ould Saundirson's wild splorin'
In Belfast;
While the blusterin' outpourin',
Loike the tongue of Widdy Doran,
Set the pigs and donkeys roarin'
In Belfast, in Belfast.

Docthor Kane blew off his thunder,
Which is nothing ov a wonder
In Belfast.
Sure he prates of popish plunder,
And the prastes must be kept under—
Jesus Christ must be a blunder
In Belfast, in Belfast.

Och! They surely are not weighin'
That all Ireland is not stayin'
In Belfast.
There are millyuns who are sayin'—
What can be home rule's delayin'?
Not the blatherin' and brayin'
In Belfast, in Belfast.

—*Westminster Budget.*

LITERARY.

Spearing a Salmon.

All being ready, the old man steps aboard with the spear, and takes his place in the bow. The torch in front is lighted, and with a crackle like the frying of grease the flame leaps upward, and with its yellow glare lights up the bushes, the nearer tree-trunks, and the surface of the water. Quickly stepping in also, the stern-man, with a long pole in lieu of paddle, gives a push or two, and the canoe glides out on the surface of the pool. But it is too quickly done, for the pool, shallow there, is lighted to the very bottom as with the light of day, and several huge black objects move away into the deep and somber places. With a splash the spear is quickly thrust down into the water after a departing shadow, but it is too late. Then the canoe is cautiously driven toward the deeper place at the head of the pool, and as it nears the other end, one, two, six, ten, twenty great shadowy forms dart, one after the other, toward the foot of the pool, past them. Down goes the spear, not with a splash, but with a steady thrust. It strikes the bottom, but the fish is already several feet away, and it is drawn back empty. Several times this happens. Has the old man lost his former skill? Soon he suspects that the new pole, like a bright streak moving toward them, frightens them. A new supply of bark is needed, so they return to the camp. The spear is held over the fire until it is blackened from end to end and is no longer conspicuous. So confident is the old hunter of getting a fish, that he makes ready to eat him at once. He pokes up the fire, throws on some fresh wood, and sets a kettle of water to boil. He peels some potatoes, which he has brought along (perhaps for the very purpose), and puts them into the water.

Meanwhile the salmon have recovered, doubtless, from their first scare. So, with a fresh supply of torches, they start again—this time with more deliberation, for the long black *pirogue* has not entered the length of itself upon the pool, before down goes the spear. Hand over hand it is pushed, and, it seems, will never stop. It reaches the sandy bottom and sticks there. It sways as if something is tugging at the end of it. Then, as he would lift a load of hay on a pitchfork, the old man gradually raises the end of the spear. Out comes a black nose, then there is a flapping and splashing of fins and powerful tail, and the first salmon is caught. Quickly the old man draws the fish to the side of the canoe, lifts it on board, caught and held firmly by the stout jaws. It is released, and lies upon the bottom of the canoe—only a four-pounder. Only a four-pounder, the smallest one of the whole crowd, when plenty of them looked as big as stove-pipes! And there was one, much bigger than any of the rest, which looked fully four feet long. Sometimes, when those big fellows do get caught, the spearman lets go entirely, and when the fish is exhausted with the violence of its efforts, it may be easily drawn in. It would be hard to say which is more excited over the capture—the stranger, who never saw such a thing done before, or the old man, to whom all the enthusiam of his younger days seems to have returned.—*May St. Nicholas.*

"Donahoe's Magazine."

Donahoe's Magazine for May is the brightest and most interesting number yet issued of this valuable and entertaining periodical, and this is saying a great deal when we consider the meteoric fashion in which this monthly has flashed into the front rank of American periodicals. Among its special features this month are: "Through the World's Fair in an Hour," illustrated by Commissioner E. C. Hovey; "The Sacrifice of the Shop Girl," by Mary B. O'Sullivan; "The Catholic in Politics," by Thomas C. Quinn; "The Sisters in the Civil War," by Charles S. O'Neill; "Thirty Years of Ireland's Battle," by John F. Finerty; "In American Studios," illustrated, by Henry Austin; "The Knights of Columbus," illustrated, by Thomas W. Cummings; "Suppressing Dangerous Books," by Rev. Charles Warren Currier; "Round About Plattsburg," illustrated by Bayard Bradford, and a discussion, "Should Married Women Work?" In fiction there are contributions by James Realf, Jr., and Jessie M. Burgoyne, while there are poems by George Russell Jackson, Eugene Davis, Mary Therese West, Katherine E. Conway, Rev. A. B. O'Neill, C.S.C., Godfrey Egremont, Arlo Bates, Rev. Mortimer Edward Twomey, Cora Stuart Wheeler and John S. Browning. Donahoe's Magazine Company, publishers, Boston.

Joseph Bonaparte on Napoleon.

In a letter dated Point Breeze, Dec. 24, 1821, addressed to his intimate friend, Joseph Hopkinson, the ex-king refers to the shock his health had suffered in the death of the emperor:

"POINT BREEZE, Dec. 24, 1821.—*Sir:* I return you the printed matter which you were good enough to send me; it would be hard for me to recollect all the words I spoke in the sufferings of the long illness. I do not fancy that the impression on myself was any more agreeable that that of a first confession.

"I can no longer doubt, *today*, that my brother died a victim to the cruelty of his enemies. Already one of the principal accomplices has done justice upon himself. But for them, he would have lived in this country, as healthy as I, who am older than he was and not so strong in constitution; and there would have been no discussion in order to find reasons for his death, which have nothing to do with the true one.

"He would have been appreciated not only by enlightened persons like yourself, sir, and Dr. Chapman, but the majority of [American] citizens, whose calm reason seems to be one of their distinctive characteristics.

"He was always greater than his fortune and superior to his glory.

"It was this pride of a soul conscious of itself which had made him judge that he would have been appreciated in the land of Locke and Newton, and in the country of Washington and Franklin. Like Julius Cæsar, he believed his enemies incapable of a great crime, and, like Cæsar, the victim of Scylla's party, he perished at the hands of the European oligarchy. This sanctimoniously and traitorously homicidal party does not pardon nations that shake off their chains, nor kings who reign by their people and for their people.

"I am not aware, sir, of the length of my letter; I forget that I am no longer talking with an idle farmer of New Jersey, but with one of the busiest men of the capital; in any case, sir, whether in town or in the country, believe me, with assurances of true esteem and complete attachment, your affectionate

JOSEPH, COUNT DE SURVILLIERS."

M. Hopkinson, Philadelphia.

—*From Marion Crawford's paper on "Joseph Bonaparte in Bordentown," in The Century for May.*

A Successful Magazine.

Worthington's Illustrated Magazine for May shows remarkable progress and growth on the part of this highly entertaining periodical, which has already won for itself an enviable place among the choicest magazines of the day. It has been enlarged by sixteen pages in order to give space for timely contributions, and also that the excellent papers in the varied departments, which are a marked and very valuable feature of this periodical, may hereafter be printed in larger type, corresponding to that in the body of the magazine. The intentions of the publishers were very liberal at the start, but they are proving themselves far better than their word, and the generous support of subscribers and of the reading public generally, warrants this increased expenditure. Good as all previous numbers are, the issue for May is the best of all; and this is saying much in view of the very high standard of excellence *Worthington's* has already established for itself.

The Old-Fashioned Village School.

"Inside, it was one unbroken room," writes Minot J. Savage, in some interesting reminiscences in the May *New Peterson*. "In the middle of the room was a raised brick platform, on which stood two large old-fashioned box stoves, whith the stove-pipes running for a long distance overhead, so as to carry heat to distant parts of the room. On the side opposite the entry, and in line with the stoves, was a wooden platform by the wall, on which stood the master's desk. The seats ran back from the open space across the centre, toward either end of the room. There were only two rows of benches, with aisles at the sides and one in the middle. The desks therefore were long, capable of seating a long row of pupils, instead of the short one of modern days, with seats for only one, or two at the most. So there was a chance for a good deal of disturbance when one of the middle boys wished to get in or out.

"The girls occupied seats at one end of the room, and the boys at the other. On either side of the master's desk were blackboards on the wall. The boys brought in the big sticks of wood to keep the fires going, and it was piled up on the floor beside the stoves. On cold days, we had to take turns in being permitted to leave our seats and go to the stoves to get warm.

"The one teacher taught everything, from the a-b-c to algebra, including writing and the making of quill pens. Any child might study anything, provided only that he wished it and the master knew it. The bright pupil was not kept back because someone else was lazy or stupid, but he was at liberty to go ahead as fast as his brains and industry could carry him. And if the master happened to know the higher mathematics or the languages, some ambitious pupil would frequently pursue one or both of these outside of ordinary school hours."

Educational Ghosts.

No man today can practice any of the higher arts to the best effect, unless he know the history of that art. Our life becomes extemporized and fragmentary unless each man, taking up his work in the world, not merely attaches his work to the work of those who went before him and begins where they left off, but also knows something of the way in which his art came to reach the point at which he finds it, and so is able to make the labor which he adds a part of one consistent and intelligible progress, wrote Phillips Brooks in one of his ablest literary essays, reprinted in the *New England Magazine* for May. We want to know the blunders men have made, that we may not make them over again; we want to know the grounds of the partial successes they have achieved, that we may help to carry forward their successes towards their full result. Let me remind you what are some of the values that belong to the study of the history of education. First, there is the great general value of experience. To know what other men have done in the department where you have been set to work will make it unnecessary that you should go over again what they have already done. The student of the history of education finds, to his great surprise, that many of the educational ideas of his own time, which seem to him all fresh and new, were found out long ago, were used awhile, and then were lost again, only to be re-discovered at this later day. A wiser study of educational history would have made this re-discovery unnecessary, and so saved time and strength. If every generation has to begin and prove over again that two times two is four, what generation will ever get beyond the proof that ten times ten is one hundred? And then, again, to know how different studies came to be introduced would often throw great light upon the values of those studies. There can be no doubt that many studies have been introduced legitimately, for reasons which were very strong, but which were temporary, and then have remained like ghosts haunting our schools long after their living necessity had died away. It is always hard to get any study out of our schools when it is once in. Each teacher learning it as a boy is naturally ready to teach it as a man. As John Locke says, "It is no wonder if those who make the fashion suit it to what they have and not to what their pupils want." Here surely is the key to a great deal of the conservatism and traditionalism of our teaching; and the surest way to break it down and to get rid of it would be such a wise study of the history of education, by those who are to teach, as should show them how the studies which they find in school came there, and so help them to judge whether those studies are to be dropped as temporary necessities which have been outgrown, or to be kept forever because they are forever useful.

QUERY—WHAT IS A MODEL WOMAN?

ANSWER.

Certes, a riddle like the sphinx you ask!
To read it rightly were as hard a task.
Tho' failure's fearful penalty I pay,
To find the hidden answer, I'll essay;
And tho' I fail perchance from want of skill,
I shall not fail perdy from want of will.
'Twould take I trow the master poet's pen,
Who as their Maker knew the world and men—
The wizard wit whose penetrating view
Searched Earth and Nature ever through and through.
So if I miss the mark with feeble quill,
Accept I pr'y thee for the deed the will.
This is the being, sought for now me-seems,
Seen in the flesh sometimes—more oft in dreams.
(Idle is it to talk of idols now,
But poets' license in this case allow.)
Take Pallas sprung all dight from Zeus' own brain;
And Aphrodite risen from the main;
Artemis in all the ardor of the chase—
She of the lithesome form and glowing face;
These melt together o'er a magic fire
(And modernize the blend in her attire)
Or take a girl well skilled in Boston's lore;
Another from a sunny southern shore;
A damsel from the free and vigorous West
(I ween you'd find her in Montana best);
In one unite the virtues of the lot;
And lo! the priceless gem you seek you've got.

L'Envoy.

Yet when a need of justice there arose
Justly old Erin's peerless child they chose.
Her argent image grandly poised in air,
Shall fairly in good sooth o'ertop the Fair.

ZERO.

Elliott Club May Party.

On May the 5th, the Elliott Club gave their first May party at Boulevard Hall, Fifty-fifth and Halsted streets, was the most enjoyable affair of the season for the young folks. One thousand invitations were distributed to the members and friends of the club. The grand march was led by the president, M. J. Lawlor and Miss Josie Coughlin. Reception committee: Jos. O Dougherty, Ed. Sullivan, Ed. Zimmerman, P. L. McArdle, E. O'Grady, John Finn, R.W. Wolfe, Thomas Killin, J. F. Lyons, Jos. Cleary, W. F. Kirtz and John Goos. Floor committee: M. J. Lawlor, chief assistant; F. E. Flavin, Dr. P. B. Anton, P. J. Mahoney, Joseph Norville, H. T. O'Brien, M. J. Keane, J. P. O'Connor, Thomas Ahern, A. G. Zuber, E. A. McGrady and H. P. Kenny.

Catholic Foresters.

CHICAGO, April 6.—At the meeting of Sheridan Court, No. 100, C. O. F., held in the city of Chicago, on April 5, 1893, the following resolutions were adopted; and believing that they will confer a lasting benefit upon the Order, if universally adopted and carried out, a copy has been sent to the secretary of every court in the society to be read to the members of the court, at the second meeting in April:

WHEREAS, There is a general feeling prevailing among members, that some such action should be taken as provided for by the following resolutions, and

WHEREAS, The dearly bought experience of some associations, once prominent, confirm the wisdom of this, which, however, should be taken as intended, as a purely impersonal matter, and done for the general good of the order, it is

Resolved, That our delegate to the general convention be instructed to present in open meeting, the following amendment to the constitution, and follow it up forcefully and faithfully to a successful issue, also that a copy of this preamble and resolution be mailed to every secretary of the order, with a request to have them read at the meeting at which they elect their delegates, and at the same time take such action as they deem fit in regard to the subsect:

Resolved, That the convention of 1893 appoint a permanent committee on constitution to whom proposed amendments shall be sent at any time. This committee to meet at least three months before each convention to act on proposed changes or amendments to the constitution. These to be printed with the sections affected, and delivered to the secretary of every court of our order, and the same shall be read in meeting of each court before the delegates of the next convention are elected.

Resolved, That no person shall be eligible for a position in the High Court of Catholic Order of Foresters who is a politician or is an applicant for holding a public office, national, state or local.

JAMES F. CRAHEN, Rec. Secy.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F.J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous serfaces of the system. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

IMPORTANT INFORMATION.

"How to obtain a Postoffice or Custom House position." Full information and pointers on the examinations, in a new book just published. "How to Obtain a Government Position." 25 cents. By mail. HAWTHORNE PUBLISHING Co., 1108 Unity Building, Chicago.

Unjust Taxation.

It is unjust to tax the stomach with burthens that it cannot bear. Many silly people thus tyrannize that faithful servitor until it rebels and punishes them as they deserve. Dyspepsia is usually the child of gastronomic folly, but whether this or the natural associate of inherent feebleness from childhood, it is surely and pleasantly remediable with Hostetters Stomach Bitters, the finest and most highly sanctioned gastric tonic in existence. As a rerult of the tone imparted to the stomach, and the increased activity of its digestive and assimilative action, insured by the persistent use of this benign invigorant, general stamina is augmented, the nerves strengthened and tranquilized, and a tendency to insomnia and hypochondriasis defeated. Biliousness, chills and fever, rheumatism and kidney troubles are conquered by this admirable medicine.

Insomnia is fearfully on the increase. The rush and excitement of modern life so tax the nervous system that multitudes of people are deprived of good and sufficient sleep, with ruinous consequences to the nerves. Remember, Ayer's Sarsaparilla makes the weak strong.

THE GAELIC CLASS.

The class meets every Sunday at 2 p.m. in City Clerk VanCleve's office, City Hall. MAURICE CREAN, Secy.

First National Bank
OF CHICAGO.

Statement of Condition
At close of business May 4, 1893.

ASSETS.

Loans and discounts		$18,063,087.30
Bank building and other real estate		650,000.00
U. S. bonds (par value)		84,300.00
Other bonds		1,753,442.90
Premiums paid		9,675.29
Cash Resources:		
Due from banks (Eastern Ex)	$2,920,335.58	
Checks for clearing house	1,448,803.41	
Cash on hand	7,306,682.40	
Due from U. S. Treasurer	27,250.00	11,603,051.39
		$32,163,556.88

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$3,000,000.00
Surplus fund	3,000,000.00
Other undivided profits	511,616 05
Dividends unpaid	1,416.00
Deposits	25,670,524.83
	$32,183,556.88

LYMAN J. GAGE, Prest.
JAS. B. FORGAN, Vice-Prest.
RICHARD J. STREET, Cashier.
HOLMES HOGE, Asst. Cashier.
FRANK E. BROWN, 2d Asst. Cash.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

CHICAGO NATIONAL BANK
At the Close of Business May 4, 1893.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$ 5,641,332.47
Overdrafts		21,828.04
U. S. bonds for circulation		50,000.00
Other bonds on hand		290,223.25
CASH ASSETS:		
Cash on hand	$2 067,798.19	
Due from banks	1,800,740.88	
Checks for clearings	298,206.12	
Due from U.S. Treasurer.	31,250.00	
		3,997,997.19
Total		$10,010,380.95

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$ 500,000.00
Surplus fund	500,000.00
Undivided profits	113,992.30
Dividends unpaid	322.00
Bank Notes outstanding	45,000.00
Individual deposits	$8,135,103.17
Due Banks	715,963.48
	8,851,066.65
Total	$10,010,380.95

DIRECTORS:
F. MADLENER, J. R. WALSH,
C. K. G. BILLINGS, ADOLPH LOEB,
ANDREW M'NALLY, FERD W. PECK,
MAURICE ROSENFELD.

J. R. WALSH, President.
F. M. BLOUNT, Cashier.
T. M. JACKSON, Asst. Cashier.

CLINE'S DANCING ACADEMY,
Cor. Wells & Huron Sts.

Classes Tuesday and Thursday Evenings; admission 25c; private lessons $1; dancing every Sunday night under the management of FRANKEL & REICHART.
Lodge Halls to Rent.

1779. 1893.

HONOR TOM MOORE!



The 114th Anniversary of the Birth of

IRELAND'S GREAT POET,

—AND—

One of the Greatest Poets Produced by Any Nation,

Will Be Celebrated by a Musical and Literary Festival at

CENTRAL MUSIC HALL,

STATE AND RANDOLPH STREETS, ON

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 27, '93.

The proceeds will be devoted to the nucleus of a fund for the erection of a statue to Thomas Moore in this city.

PROGRAMME:

1. Organ Solo, Fantasie, Moore's Melodies.....
Mr. William Middelschulte.
2. Opening Address, by the Chairman.....
Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan.
3. Baritone Solo, "O, Where's the Slave So Lowly".....Moore
Mr. M. J. Murphy.
4. Soprano Solo, "Erin, the Tear and the Smile".....Moore
Mrs. Maude Wells.
5. Harp Solo, "Last Rose of Summer".....Moore
Mrs. Clara Murray.
6. Baritone Solo, "Believe Me if All".....Moore
Mr. Edward J. Quinlan.
7. Contralto Solo, "Meeting of the Waters".....Moore
Miss Alice Coffey.
8. Gaelic Version of "The Bard's Legacy".....Archbishop McHale
Mr. James M. Corrigan.
9. Contralto Solo, "The Harp That Once".....Moore
Miss Kate Coffey.
10. Address, "Moore and his Kindred Poets,"
Mr. John F. Finerty.
11. Tenor Solo, "The Minstrel Boy".....Moore
Mr. John J. Wynne.
12. Harp Solo, "Kathleen Mavourneen".....
Mrs. Clara Murray.
13. Recitation, "The Battle of Fontenoy".....
Mr. John Lane O'Connor.
14. Baritone Solo, "Night Closed Around".....Moore
Mr. M. J. Murphy.
15. Quartette, Selection.....Moore
Mrs. Maude Wells, Miss Alice Coffey, Mr. John J. Wynne, Mr. E. J. Quinlan.
16. Closing Ode.....
Mr. M. J. Murphy.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Reserved Seats, Parquette and Circle.....$1.00
Dress Circle.....75 Cents
Balcony.....50 Cents

Boxes, First Floor, $7.00; Dress Circle, $5.00; Balcony, $4.00. Box office will be open for the sale of Reserved Seats on Monday, May 22, and up to the evening of the entertainment.

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THE MONKEY'S SCHEME.

The monkey said to the chimpanzee,
In a monkey's original way:
"If we should start a peanut stand,
Do you think we could make it pay?

"The boys would buy the nuts of you
As you sat your stall beside,
And every boy would divide with me
As he passed where I was tied.

"So you could sell, and I could feast,
And I think we could make it pay,
For you could sit and handle the cash,
And I could eat all day."
—Harper's Bazar.

THE BLIND CHIEF.

Chikkatabac, the blind son of the Indian chief Wahgumacut, was borne during a war between his father's tribe, the Wampanoags, and the Nahigonsiks. The Wampanoags had won the battle and were already shouting triumphantly, when the woods about them suddenly burst into a great blaze. Everything seemed turned to fire; it crept like reptiles among the dry grass at their feet and coiled around the trunks of trees, till, reaching the topmost branches, it formed a canopy of twisting, writhing flames.

Many of the warriors perished that night, among them Wahgumacut. The survivors, after undergoing many hardships, reached the little camp where the squaws and children had been left for safety. There they learned that on the very night of their misfortune Naanashquaw, wife of their chief, had given birth to a male child. Instead of the usual rejoicing over such an event there were scowls and mutterings among the warriors. A child of ill omen they said he was, and to prevent his evil influence doing further mischief they determined to put him to death. But Naanashquaw pleaded for the life of her little one and was permitted under protest to keep him.

The child grew, but he was blind, and the Indians were filled with a superstitious fear of him. All sorts of misfortunes were supposed to fall on the unlucky individual on whom his sightless eyes might appear to rest.

Naanashquaw died, prophesying unlimited disaster to the tribe if her sightless son should meet a violent death at their hands. So the boy, feared, shunned and despised, grew to manhood. He was about 21, tall, broad shouldered and straight, when there came a year of famine. The earth was barren, the deer and game apparently exterminated. Dark grew the countenances of the red men. They drew apart from the squaws and children, who cried piteously for food, and while whispering together pointed ominously at Chikkatabac, the blind young chief.

Then they pretended to have arranged a hunting trip, and soon the noise and bustle usually attendant upon this event was heard throughout the camp. Before this Chikkatabac had always been left with the squaws, but now he was invited to accompany the braves, and his bosom swelled with pride. He imagined they at last had realized he was a man. Dreams of taking his inherited right of being sagamore of the tribe came to him.

For days they traveled out of their own land over hot sandy deserts till, reaching a dense forest beyond, they pushed their way through the trees, brush and tangled vines to its very heart. Here they paused, and after refreshing themselves pretended to rest. Chikkatabac unsuspectingly lay down and was soon asleep.

The bright eyes of his enemies could be seen sparkling through the darkness. The dusky forms arose noiselessly and stealthily retraced their steps homeward.

In his dreams Chikkatabac was a great warrior. The place about him echoed with the cries of his victims and the war-whoop of his army. Onward, onward to triumph he was leading them.

He awoke. A great sense of loneliness oppressed him. He could hear no sound save the sobbing of the wind through the trees. Was it day or night? As if in answer a bird caroled forth its morning hymn, and thousands of sweet voiced songsters joined in the melody. One by one he called the names of his companions, but none answered him. What had happened? Had some terrible disaster occurred and were their dead bodies lying around him? Or were they all sitting near him, grinning at his misfortune?

Angrily he arose and gesticulated wildly, walking rapidly around and around, stretching his arms out into space. Then a feeling of helplessness and utter despair assailed him. With a loud cry he threw himself to the ground.

Chikkatabac had been reared with the women of his tribe; they and the children had been his companions. Nothing had arisen in his life before this to develop the more rugged qualities of manhood. But when there broke upon him now a full realization of the enormous cruelty that had been practiced upon him the fighting spirit of his ancestors burst its leash within him, and uncontrollable fury raged in his blood. He beat his head against the ground; he tore the sod with his fingers; he sprang to his feet, and waving his arms cursed his betrayers, the echoes of his frantic yells mocking him from the depths of the forest.

Never before had the unrelenting cruelty of his blindness held him in bonds so galling. He darted hither and thither, clutching the air for his vanished foes. He tore away great branches of trees, and with these for clubs he lay about him with murderous energy, cursing and yelling. The stupendous strength which had lain sleeping in his muscles was now awake for the first time in his life, and with a thousand throats it clamored for exercise. This he furnished. He hurled stones at random and gleefully listened as they went tearing through the foliage. He tore up strong shrubs by the roots, dashed them to the ground and trampled upon them.

For the man was mad. A scorching fever sent unaccustomed flashes of light into his sightless eyes and went into his blood like wine. From cursing and fighting he fell into laughter and dancing. He sprang hither and thither, a noisy and fantastic figure in the silence and solemnity of the forest.

Then nature asserted herself, crying aloud for water to quench his burning thirst. Declaiming himself the chief of his tribe and no longer laughing, he drew an imaginary robe about his commanding form, and with haughty imperiousness asserted his authority and demanded that water be brought. With superb dignity he received an imaginary vessel, drank unsubstantial water from it and threw it aside. Then, grown eloquent, he harangued his tribe on its achievements in battle and urged his people to foster the spirit which had led them to so many victories. At the close he reeled, his sightless eyes rolled vacantly, he clutched at the empty air, lurched and then sank unconscious to the ground.

Thus he lay until the middle of the following night. Consciousness returned slowly and painfully, and with his face still buried in his hands he compelled his memory to apply the tortures it had in store for him. Pains racked his frame, and groans forced their way out from the depths of his despair. At last he turned upon his back and opened his eyelids.

His eyes were opened to the heavens, and his stout heart quailed to discover strange things, which warned him of his madness, for there were numberless burning points above him, such as never before had come to the visions of his blindness. As he would move his eyes they would spring in an opposite direction, whereas all the visions that he had had before remained fixed whatsoever direction he might look.

He came to a sitting posture, and instantly the bright points disappeared, but other things, dark, shadowy and more terrifying, arose before him. These apparently reached from the level of his eyes all the way up to the bright, fierce points above, and they, too, would spring in a direction opposite to that in which he would move his eyes. This was madness, he reflected—a strange and distressing form of it. He closed his eyelids and then the visions disappeared. He opened them again and they returned as before. Then he closed his eyes in simple fear, and thus gained courage and relief, and not daring to reopen them he staggered to his feet and began to grope through the forest in search of water, for a bitter thirst was burning him.

Thus he proceeded, with closed eyelids and hands outstretched, and his fine instinct led him straight toward a stream a mile away. But to keep his eyelids closed was unnatural and irksome, so once he opened them, and instantly the terrifying visions reappeared and with far greater distinctness than before. Strange forms stood all around him, grotesque and formidable, but wonderfully fascinating. Almost convinced they were real, he put out his hand to touch them and was pleased to find that they had no substance, for he could not reach them. But he felt safer with his eyelids closed, for then he saw no alarming visions.

Before long a sensation—it had been growing for some time, and it happened contemporaneously with the advent of his knowledge that day was breaking—came upon him, and he halted in dread. It seemed more like warmth than anything else, and yet not warmth of the kind that he had known. It was in his head—no, it was in his eyes, which he dared not open. He sank to the ground in weak helplessness. Still keeping his eyes closed, he felt the warmth in them increase, and then it became so painful that he opened them. Instantly a tremendous heat burst forth within his head, racking all his sensibilities with excruciating pains. Trembling with fear and awe, Chikkatabac fell to the ground and buried his face in his hands. The sun had risen.

Thus lay the helpless savage, filled with terror and marvelings. His great frame quivered, and agonized moans issued from his burning throat. After a time his courage returned. He clasped his hands tightly over his eyes, the more securely to exclude the burning, blazing, terrifying vision that had appeared whenever he opened them. Onward he went toward water, and finally the presence of a mossy sod under foot warned him that a stream was near.

He now went forward cautiously, and then dropped to his hands and knees and crawled toward the stream till he touched the cool water. Then he eagerly stretched himself at full length upon the bank and was about to drink, when unguardedly he opened his eyes. So strange a vision at once appeared to him that he started back in dismay.

A strange vision indeed and immeasurably unlike the others, for that which he had seen as he bent over the still water was much like the spirit of one dead, as he had imagined it. Then a great comprehension came to his soul, and so swift and heavy was the shock it brought that he was stunned, but after that a gentle peace fell upon him and tears of happiness rolled down his cheeks. Rising to his feet, and with calm courage opening his eyes to the dazzling visions which confronted him he raised both arms to heaven and reverently said:

"O thou Great Spirit, I know now that I, thy child, have died and am now in the happy hunting ground of my kindred who died before me. Accept thy humble child, O Spirit. Teach him to understand thy will and to bear with courage the blazing glories of thy habitation."

No sound but the strangely familiar singing of birds and the rustle of the trees in the morning breeze came in answer to his prayer. But though oppressed with a sense of loneliness and wondering that no other spirits came to greet him, he faced the new world with a manly front and open eyes, and turned again to the stream. Once more the spirit which he had first seen confronted him, but he was not afraid. As he brought his lips nearer to the water, the face of the spirit came close to his. He drank, seemingly from the mouth of the spirit itself, whose features became strangely wavering and distorted.

But, oh, the sweetness of the water! It was only in spiritland surely that such water could be found. He drank deeply and was refreshed as he had never been before.

* * * * * *

In the reports of a white missionary among the Indians appears the following quaint narration of a legend which had been handed down through generations of the Wampanoags, a warlike tribe of great power and prosperity in those days of his peaceful ministrations among them:

"I trust your reverence will not deem it trivial in me (but rather a manifestation of my zeal that your reverence will have an understanding of these strange people) if I relate a curious legend cherished by these simple savages. It goes to the following effect:

"Upon the death of a great chief in battle his squaw gave birth to a blind son, whom, when he had come into manhood, the young men of the tribe took away into a distant forest and left there to perish, believing that by reason of his blindness and his total lack of skill as a hunter he must perish, for to what they supposed had been a curse sent upon him in the form of blindness they ascribed the dire sufferings of the tribe and the imminence of its extinction. Well, it is related that the tribe, some time after the supposed death of the blind chief, mustered its energies for a final resistance against the Nahigonsiks, its ancient enemies, who, finding that the newly elected chief of the Wampanoags was merely a loud braggart, without the true metal of a great warrior in him, determined to fall upon the feeble Wampanoags and sweep them from the earth.

"The battle was a very unequal one, for the Nahigonsiks greatly outnumbered the Wampanoags. But it is related that in the fiercest part of the fight, when the arrows of the Nahigonsiks were reaping the Wampanoags as ripened wheat, and despair and consternation sat upon the weaker tribe, there suddenly sprang forth a stalwart young man of great size and strength, who, with commanding voice and gesture, swinging aloft a club which he had wrenched from a tree, cried, 'For your lives, my people,' and leaped to the front.

"I feel constrained to inform your reverence that, according to the legend, this visitant dropped from heaven, but your reverence will understand that I believe nothing of the kind, having, through the mercy of the Son of God, received a clearer light than that which illumines the minds of these benighted savages, and that I am constrained to believe that this savage young chief, left by his comrades to perish of hunger, suffered mental agonies so fierce and radical as to have broken up knotted and tangled places within him, to the end that the slight cause which had held his vision in abeyance had been removed, but upon this matter your reverence, with superior wisdom, may be able to pass a more intelligent opinion. It is my function solely to report affairs as I have heard them, and in this pursuit I report the following:

"The Wampanoags recognized in this strange comer the spirit of Chikkatabac, the blind young chief; you and I, your reverence, recognized in him Chikkatabac himself with sight restored. Be that as it may, his superior presence, the calm majesty of his bearing, the infinitely sad earnestness of his glance and the superb daring of his movement inspired the Wampanoags with an almost forgotten courage, to the end that they followed their strange leader, despite the frantic warnings of their newly elected chief, and moved to extraordinary daring flung themselves upon the enemy with incredible ferocity.

"Foremost in all their bloody enterprises was the new leader, his great frame towering above all others, his club swinging with deadly regularity and crushing out the lives of hapless Nahigonsiks with every blow, and his clear voice ringing far above the din of strife, crying, 'For your lives and your children, my countrymen.' Your reverence, I trust you will not think I am too deeply stirred by this narration. I give the legend merely as it has been told to me.

"It is related that the Wampanoags carried the field and won the day, and that this was but the beginning of a series of victories which restored them to their original glory and sent the Nahigonsiks into another part of the world. That which more directly concerns this legend is a matter of simple record. The new chief, it is said, after placing his tribe upon the old footing by means of numerous valorous battles—maintaining always the extraordinary reticence and solitude which followed his advent among his people—kept apart and silent until all had been finished. Then one evening as the sun was setting he was seen upon an eminence with arms outstretched toward the west and eyes uplifted to heaven, his lips moving in silent invocation. And after that he walked slowly toward the west and was never seen again by his people. He had faded forever into the silent mysteries of the twilight."—L. G. Harton and W. C. Morrow in San Francisco Examiner.

Mr. Gimp Takes Exercise.

"My old friend, Lucius Gimp," said Mr. Gratebar, "was all run down, and the doctor said he must get about more and go to the theater and divert his mind from business and take lots of exercise. The getting about was something that he could manage easily enough, but taking exercise was quite another matter, for while Mr. Gimp is a man of intense application and a tremendous worker at his business he appears to be quite averse to any sort of physical exertion. But he had an idea. Mr. Gimp is an extremely sensitive man, and it seemed to him that perhaps he might take the exercise by a sort of mental absorption. So he hired an athlete to come to the house, and every morning for an hour this athlete swung Indian clubs and took other vigorous exercises while Mr. Gimp looked on. Strange as it may seem to some, this manner of taking exercise proved quite effectual. In less than a month Mr. Gimp was quite restored to health."—New York Sun.

Foreign Population of Two Cities.

There are more Swedes, Hollanders, Bohemians, Norwegians, Poles, Danes and Welshmen in Chicago than there are in New York. In all other elements of foreign population New York is ahead of Chicago. There are 17 more Greeks in New York than in Chicago.

TRICKS SEEN IN INDIA

TWO REMARKABLE FEATS OF INDIA'S CLEVER JUGGLERS.

The Materialization of a Serpent From a Glass of Water Which Afterward Was Swallowed by the Performer—Sleight of Hand In Which a Babe Figures.

An article in a recent edition on the jugglers of India tended to throw discredit on the eastern wizards that have so long been held in esteem. Whether or not the tricks the jugglers perform are wonderful is a matter to be determined individually. At any rate, in a vague way they have the reputation. Histories and books are full of the accounts of the miraculous feats that these tricksters of India can perform.

And now comes Mr. Kellar, a nineteenth-century-Broadway-up-to-date magician, who adds his testimonial to all the rest as to the superiority of oriental over occidental magic.

Mr. Kellar, it seems, has also traveled in India in a search for the wonderful and succeeded in finding what he could not understand.

Professor Kellar isn't very old in years, although his hair has a very wide part in the center, but if you come to count up his experiences Methuselah isn't in it with him. There are few places on the face of this earth that he has not seen, and his travels in the spirit world are also quite extensive. He has pulled rabbits out of the pigtail of the heathen Chinee on his native heath; he has wrung silver dollars from the nose of the Australian kangaroo and has made flowers to grow for the Zulu belle attired in her sable costume of bare skin.

"Some years ago," says the professor, "I spent considerable time in India traveling through the country and visiting the principal cities. That is the land of the magician, and nowhere on earth is the art so thoroughly known. The Indian magicians appear to have been born for the business, and they have developed their natural abilities to such a wonderful degree that many of the natives believe them to possess supernatural powers. Indeed one almost finds himself concurring with the general idea after he has witnessed some of their feats.

"I have attended many wonderful seances, but I can remember none that impressed me more than one which I saw in the rooms of the Chuddermunzil club at Lucknow. I was a guest of the club and was invited to attend the performance of one of the native jugglers. I gladly consented to be present, and together with Captain Jenkins, the president of the club, and Captain Powers, an officer in 'the queen's navee,' who had just returned from the Zulu war, I took a seat near the stage.

"During the early part of the entertainment there were a half dozen jugglers who performed only ordinary tricks, and then the 'star' of the evening was introduced. He performed one of the most wonderful tricks I ever saw. He took a board and placed it on four glass goblets, thus elevating it from the floor. A youngster sitting on the board was then requested to place his hands together palms up. Then the juggler took a glass of water and poured it into the outstretched hands of the boy. In the meantime the boy had been mesmerized, and his attention was fixed on a point indicated by the magician.

"Gradually the water turned green in color, and then it developed into a jelly which increased in density until it became as solid as any stone article you ever saw. Out of the center of this there appeared the head of a snake, which gradually developed until in the place of the water there appeared a hissing reptile. I was amazed, I can assure you, but the trick was not yet completed. Hitting the reptile upon the head with his wand, the juggler took it up carefully and placed it back in the glass.

"As we looked it became transformed into a jelly, which in turn transformed into a greenish colored water. Clearer and clearer became the fluid until it was of its original color, and then the juggler placed it to his lips and drank the entire contents. That was the most wonderful trick I ever saw performed, and it is as mysterious to me today as it was then. There was another trick performed the same evening which was not so wonderful, but was nevertheless remarkable.

"A woman with a baby swung in a bag around her waist entered the stage and endeavored to balance a ball upon her nose. This she failed to do on account of the hindrance afforded by the child. She repeated the attempt, but met with no better success than on the first trial. The juggler all the while was standing on the side of the stage, apparently furious at the repeated failures of the woman, and finally in a rage he rushed toward her and tore the babe away from her. The woman screamed as she realized the danger into which the child was thrown, and the indignation spread to the audience.

"Unconcerned apparently about the babe, its mother or the audience, the juggler took the child and threw it into a bag which he held in his right hand. Then taking a firm hold on the neck of the bag he whirled it over his head and brought it down upon the floor with a force that boded no good to the occupant. At the same time the woman screamed and fell on her knees, begging the juggler to desist, but he told her to keep quiet and repeated the performance.

"By this time Captain Jenkins and Captain Powers were on the stage and were struggling with the juggler, trying in vain to get hold of the bag. The magician pushed them to one side and scowled angrily over their interference and then forced them off the stage. Then, bowing and smiling to the audience, he placed his hand in the bag and drew out a pair of white doves, which flew on both shoulders of the juggler. A scream in the corner attracted our attention, and there in a cradle we saw the babe, whom we had supposed by this time had become an immortal, laughing and clapping his hands with joy."

And yet some people wonder if truth is stranger than fiction.—New York Herald.

GOODS FROM RAILROAD WRECKS.

A Queer Little Chicago Shop and Odd Things Found In It.

Over on West Twelfth street there is an unprepossessing 1-story red brick building on the grimy windows of which the following words are printed in glaring yellow paint:

GOODS TAKEN FROM RAILROAD WRECKS FOR SALE.

The scene inside is one of wildest confusion. It looks as if sections of a drug store, a crockery store, a dry goods emporium, a grocery, a harness shop and goodness knows what not had been jumbled together within the four dirty walls. The head of a doll, dust coated, lies in a box of candles, and a few feet away, stretched beside a row of bottles of cheap perfumery, which the obliging clerk said was "fine, all of it as good as bay rum," is the headless trunk. On the floor on one side is a box filled with paper collars. The neighbor of this assortment is a box of codfish. Beyond the codfish and on a shelf is a lot of china, some of it costly Satsuma ware in vases and oatmeal sets. And there are many dainty Japanese teacups, translucent, prettily painted and as fragile as eggshells. Next to them in wild confusion is a heap of horse blankets.

On all sides there are evidences that lend color to the allegation that the goods are taken from railroad smashups. There are pieces of furniture disabled by broken legs, tops, backs and generally in collapse. There are barrels of flour gaping open, boxes of raisins cracked so that their contents are visible, and piled in around this confused mass are boxes of sardines, bars of soap, underclothing, boots and shoes, bedticking, stacks of trousers, cookies and frosted cakes in boxes, and at one end of the store convenient to the street odors is a crock of pickles without any cover. A box of rubbers keeps this crock company.

"I believe there is one other store something like this in Chicago," said the proprietor, "but I don't know where it is. We buy these goods from the railroad companies after smashups. We also buy unclaimed freight."

The articles are sold to the poor Hebrews and Greeks residing in the vicinity. The prices they bring are exceedingly low. In view of this a sign painted on the wall, "Please don't ask for credit," appears whimsical.—Chicago Tribune.

The Glass Bottle Industry In England.

Glass bottle manufacture, not long ago a thriving British industry, seems destined before long to pass entirely into the hands of the foreigner. A Yorkshire gentleman, who has witnessed the ruin and disappearance of nearly a dozen of once flourishing concerns in his own neighborhood, communicates to a local paper the result of his inquiries on that head. He began by interviewing the senior partner in a London firm of pickle-makers, who annually require 30,000 gross of pint bottles. They used to deal with English makers, but they have latterly transferred their custom to the continent.

Why? Because they find that while the breakage in transit is next to nothing, owing to more careful packing, "the bottles all round are much superior to those of English make." They are also rather cheaper, an important consideration in these days of sharp competition. Continuing his inquiries, the investigator ultimately compiled a long list of large houses which have similarly transferred their custom to the continent. They unanimously declare that they get a much better article for their money.—London Globe.

Culture East and West.

"New England people are apt to consider themselves the best readers in the country," said Archibald Gates, who is at the Lindell. "For my part, however, I believe that western people are about as good readers as can be found in a week's journey. Certainly the western farmer thinks more of his newspaper than the man who tries to earn a living by tilling the less fertile soil in the east. The worst place I ever struck for newspapers was a little town in New Jersey within two hours' ride of New York. I tried in every store to buy or borrow a paper while there, but could secure nothing, and no one seemed surprised at the utter absence of current literature. What little was known of current political and national events was almost entirely gained by hearsay, and it is needless to add the people were about two weeks behind the times in consequence. You could hardly find a frontier farm so far behind the times in this respect as this little town, which of course calls itself a city. The east is very apt to poke fun at the west, but honors are quite easy in many respects."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Alcohol and Spirits of Wine.

The term spirit of wine, or ardent spirit, was not in use in the thirteenth century, for the word spirit was at that time reserved for volatile agents like mercury, sulphur, the sulphurets of arsenic and sal ammoniac, which were capable of acting on metals and modifying their color and properties. The term eau de vie was given in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries to the elixir of long life. It was Arnaud de Villeneuve who employed it for the first time to designate the product of the distillation of wine. But he used it not as a specific name, but in order to mark the assimilation which he made of it with the product drawn from wine. The elixir of long life of the ancient alchemists had nothing in common with our alcohol. Confusion of the two has led the historians of science into more than one error.—P. E. M. Berthelot in Popular Science Monthly.

A Malayan Proverb.

One of the peculiarities of the cocoanut palm is that it never stands upright. A Malayan saying has it that "he who has looked upon a dead monkey, he who has found the nest of the paddybird, he who has beheld a straight cocoanut or has fathomed the deceitful heart of woman will live forever."

Grownup Girls and Dolls.

As nothing in The Master Builder has exercised the minds of the critics and the public so much as Mrs. Solness' "nine lovely dolls," you will perhaps allow me to put on record a little incident connected with them which strikes me as curious. At a recent first night I happened to be seated just behind a well known critic. He turned around to me and said: "I want you to tell me what is your theory of those 'nine lovely dolls.' Of course one can see that they're entirely symbolical."

"I'm not so sure of that," I replied, remembering a Norwegian cousin of my own who treasured a favorite doll until she was nearer 30 than 20, and may do so for aught I know to this day. "They of course 'symbolize' the unsatisfied passion of motherhood in Mrs. Solness' heart, but I have very little doubt that Ibsen makes use of this 'symbol' because he has observed a similar case or cases in real life." "What!" cried the critic. "He has seen a grownup, middle aged woman continuing to 'live with' her dolls."

I was about to say that it did not seem to me so very improbable when a lady who was seated next me, a total stranger to both of us, leaned forward and said, "Excuse me for interrupting you, but it may perhaps interest you to know that I have three dolls to which I am deeply attached!" I will not be so rude as to conjecture this lady's age, but we may be sure that a very young woman would not have had the courage to make such an avowal. Does it not seem that Ibsen knows a thing or two about human nature—English as well as Norwegian—which we dramatic critics, though bound by our calling to be subtle psychologists, have not yet fathomed?—Westminster Gazette.

The Discovery of Lithography.

One of the greatest discoveries ever made was the result of the purest accident. It was the year 1796. The citizens of Munich had just witnessed the first triumphant performance of Mozart's opera "Don Juan," and the theater was deserted by all save one man, Alois Sennefelder, who, after making a round of inspection in the building to see that no sparks had ignited anything combustible, retired to his room to stamp the tickets of admission for the day following. When he entered his apartment, he had three things in his hand—a polished whetstone which he had purchased for sharpening razors, a ticket stamp still moistened with printing ink and a check on the treasurer of the theater for his weekly salary. As he placed the latter upon the table a gust of wind swept it high up in his room for a moment and then deposited it in a basin filled with water.

Sennefelder dried the wet paper as well as he could and then weighted it down with the whetstone, upon which he had before carelessly placed the printing stamp. When he returned to his room the following morning, he was astonished at seeing the letters of the stamp printed with remarkable accuracy upon the dampened paper. A thought came to him. He wondered whether by some such means he could not simplify his work of continually copying the songs of the chorus. He went out and purchased a large stone, commenced making experiments, and, as we all know now, finally discovered the art of printing from stone—lithography.—Boston Herald.

The "Devil's Nose" and "Lot's Family."

There are at least two queer freaks of nature on the island of St. Helena—or rather four, for one of them is a group of three figures—known the world over as the "Devil's Nose" and "Lot and His Daughters." Any one who is able to study the island as it is and not run wild over the Napoleonic legends which have clustered about that "sea bound rock" since the days when the "Little Corporal" was housed there in his living grave will find much that will repay for investigation, time and study.

The queerest of the natural formations are the oddities above alluded to. The first of these imitative forms is a rocky promontory which has been known by names which signify Old Nick's nasal projection since May 22, 1502, when Juan Castella and his men sighted the island just in time to see the devil disappear beneath the waves in the best harbor, leaving his nose as a reminder of what might happen should the venturesome Spaniard seek to take possession of his satanic majesty's favorite haunts.

"Lot and His Daughters" are three conical rocks which can only be conjured into representing a man and two women by a strong play of the imagination. According to the views of some writers they are weather worn statues of colossal size, probably the work of some aboriginies of the island. Their gigantic size, however, would seem to preclude this idea. When or by whom they were dubbed "Lot and His Daughters" no authority has ventured to say.—St. Louis Republic.

The Watch Trick.

Here is a puzzle very entertaining and used to some extent as an evidence of mind reading. Take the dial of a watch. Let your friend think of any number from 1 to 12, keeping the same to himself. With the point of your pencil tick at random upon any figure of the dial and let him mentally add one to his number for each tick. When he has counted to 21, let him call "Stop," and your pencil will be found to be on the very number he had chosen. As you had no previous knowledge of this number and as your pencil skips about at random it provokes astonishment to find that you unerringly strike his number as soon as he has reached 21.

The explanation hinges on the powers of 9. The highest figure on the dial is 12. Add 9 to this and you have 21. Count your ticks (which, as stated, may be at random) and be careful that at the ninth count your pencil is on 12. If your friend has chosen 12, he will say "Stop!" having on his part counted to 21. Should he have selected another number keep on ticking in regular rotation to the left, and your pencil will inevitably be on the correct number when he cries halt.—Philadelphia Times.

TOMB OF THE PROPHET DANIEL.

To Judge From Its Size the Great Man Was Eighty Feet Tall.

Since Samarcand has been a portion of the Russian dominions it has become easy to visit. The traveler from Europe can reach the old capital of Tamerlane by the Transcaspian railway, which the Russian government has constructed across the Toorkoman deserts with so much boldness and which was finished as far as Samarcand six years ago. Less than three miles to the northeast of Samarcand and outside of the extreme limits of the ancient city is a tomb which is called Khodja-Daniar. This tomb, according to the Mussulman legends, is the burial place of the Prophet Daniel. The spot where this tomb stands is called Afrousiab, and there are seen ruins which are very probably those of the ancient city of Maracanda, destroyed by Alexander the Great.

This was an immense town, whose walls, we are told, had a compass of 90 stadia, or about 10 miles. It is separated from Samarcand by a naked hill, the soil of which is one vast cemetery. The sepulcher of Khodja-Daniar is built on a sort of terrace or cornice. A half dozen great masts, from the tops of which hang some sacred rags or tougs made of horse tails, the height of which is proportioned to the importance of the saint, rise above the sarcophagus, which stands in the open air, sheltered by no building of any kind. This sarcophagus is constructed with heavy masonry. The saint who reposes there is beyond a doubt really dead, but his mode of behavior is more than curious since, though dead, he continues to grow constantly in his sepulcher.

Every two or three years the mollahs, who are the guardians of the palace, determine by a learned calculation, the data of which I was not able to learn, how much it is proper to lengthen the sepulcher in order to make its dimensions correspond to those of its tenant. To judge from the present length of the tomb, the height of the Prophet Danie' was or should have been at the date of my visit in 1891 about 80 feet. His height must be a little more now. It should be observed that the growth of the saint is in length only and not in breadth. The development of the breadth of his shoulders is not in proportion to that of his height.—Revue des Deux Mondes.

The Value of Condiments.

Peppers and peppery substances, salts, etc., were destined to occupy a place in the history of edible foods—a supplementary one, it is true, but no less important than the position of executive officer on a ship which has a captain in command. The normal digestive fluids furnish the means for disposing of foods taken into the system—that is, for those those which are of a character necessary for the actual nourishment of the body. They do not, however, have sufficient strength to use up the superfluous matters in their ordinary flowing. A condiment stimulates the secretions of the glands and lends such an activity to digestive powers that there is a remarkable contrast between a condimental and a natural meal. Peppers are not to be recommended to any great extent, neither is common salt alone to be advised. A proper mixture of salt, pepper and celery powder makes a very good seasoning, with sufficient pungency to secure what is desired in the way of a relish.—Jenness Miller Magazine.

Securing the Honey From Bees.

The labor of honey raising has been materially lessened for the bees by modern improvements, and they seem proportionately grateful. The bees no longer make their own cells, which are produced by machinery out of wax. These artificial cells are placed in the hive, and the bees seem to be glad to get rid of the labor of making them. Immediately they get to honey making. This business they conduct alone. When the cells are full, the hive must be watched from without, lest the bees begin to seal them up, which they do in order to lay up their winter's food.

To guard against this, additional cells are put on top of the hive called supers. In these the bees deposit their extra store, and this is reserved for their winter outfit. When the bees begin to seal the cells, the box is removed, a small machine is put inside which is set vibrating, and this empties the cells of their honey, which is drawn off, and the cells having been drained are put back to be refilled. —Exchange.

Squirt Blood Out of Their Eyes.

It has been said that horned toads, when teased, sometimes squirt blood out of their eyes. This has been proved by Mr. O. P. Hay, who, to facilitate the shedding of the skin, tossed one into the the water, when "on the side of the basin there suddenly appeared a number of spots of red fluid which resembled blood." This was microscopically proved to be blood. A day or two afterward Mr. Hay was holding the lizard between his thumb and middle finger and stroking its horns with his fore finger. All at once a quantity of blood was thrown out against his fingers and a portion of it ran down on the animal's neck, and this blood came directly out of the right eye. This has been noticed by others, and Mr. Hay states that more than 20 years ago Mr. A. R. Wallace published a letter from a correspondent in California who described this creature as squirting from one of its eyes "a jet of bright red liquid very much like blood."—New York Independent.

To Thread a Hair Through a Walnut.

To pass a hair through a walnut without boring a hole seems an impossibility, but the feat has often been done. The hull of the walnut, when examined with a strong glass, is seen to have innumerable small openings, some of which lead entirely through the nut. The trick consists in using a very fine hair and an infinite amount of patience. Pass the hair into one of these minute crevices and urge it gently along. Sometimes it will appear on the other side at the first trial, but if it comes out at the hundred and first you will be very lucky.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Prescriptions of Sandwich Island Priests.

Although the kahuna now has to mingle other pursuits with his ministrations in order to have a sufficient supply of fish and poi to keep body and soul together, there are still some Hawaiian families in good standing who cling to the old superstition and pay handsomely for services rendered. Within the last year an ex-cabinet minister had the services of a kahuna in the hope of keeping alive an aged relative. It is also common talk that Sam Parker, ex-prime minister of Liliuokalani, has consulted the kahunas on more than one occasion. Recently, when voted out of the ministry, he drew around him the kahunas in order to ascertain what the future had in store. The kahunas prescribed for him a diet of mashed spiders, and Parker took the medicine like a lamb. Again, one day when Mr. Parker received an injury which resulted in an abscess on his leg, he was prescribed by the kahunas a poultice of spiders, which he applied to the wounded spot and suffered so from blood poisoning that it required the constant attendance of a couple of English doctors to save his life.—Honolulu Cor. of Chicago Tribune.

Tombs of the Ancient Prophets.

There exist in parts of Islam many tombs of the Prophet Daniel. Of these one of the most celebrated is at Cairo. This fact need not astonish us. The Mussulmans admit without hesitation the duplication or even indefinite multiplication of the bodies of holy persons without their veneration for each of the remains being diminished in the least. It is worth noting that the nature of the honorary qualifications accorded to the same saint varies in different countries. Thus, for example, Daniel has at Cairo the name of Nebbi-Danial—that is, they give him the title of prophet, as being at the same time that which suits him best and is the most honorable they can confer. In Algeria or Morocco—feudal countries—the title they give to saints is Sidi, which signifies lord, which is also the title there of military and political chiefs. In central Asia they give to those canonized persons whom they respect most, as to the Prophet Daniel, the title of Khodja, which means in Arabic writer or lettered.—Revue des Deux Mondes.

Animals That Trouble Ranchers.

The kangaroo plague has always been a great nuisance to the Australian squatters, for on an average these animals consume as much grass as a sheep. It is stated that on a sheep run of 60,000 to 80,000 acres 10,000 kangaroos were killed annually for six consecutive years, and yet their numbers remained very formidable in the locality. In the colony of South Australia hundreds of thousands of kangaroos are slaughtered annually for their skins and the bonus offered by the authorities. The number of these marsupials in New South Wales in 1889 was estimated to be over 4,000,000, and yet about 500,000 kangaroos and 650,000 wallabies were destroyed in the colony in that year.

A bonus of 16 cents for each kangaroo killed is offered in Australia; hence the colonists are gradually exterminating these native animals. Over half a million skins are annually shipped to England and a large number to North America to be converted into leather.—Hardwick's Science Gossip.

Effecting a Settlement.

"On one occasion," remarked a well known Methodist minister who had been a circuit rider in the mountains of North Carolina, "a man from a neighboring county swooped down on our side and carried off the wife and mule of one of my church members. There was an immediate agitation, and in the midst of it I arrived. A consultation was held, and it was decided that I should go as peacemaker and embassador and effect a settlement. Just before I started the bereaved husband called me to one side for private conference.

"'I reckon, parson,' he said, 'that you oughter to know my feelin's in this thing.'

"'Of course—certainly,' I assented.

"'Well, I tell you what you do. Don't be brash about it ner focety, for I'm a man uv peace, but ef he'll give you $47 in money for the mule you needn't ter say a doggone word about the ole woman.'"—Detroit Free Press.

Nonsense About Tomatoes.

An idea has gained currency during the past few years that the tomato as an article of diet is liable to produce or encourage the terrible disease of cancer, and not long ago it was also stated that the use of this vegetable had been forbidden at the Cancer hospital. So widely spread has this notion become that Dr. Marsden, chairman of the medical committee of the Cancer hospital, London, has thought it advisable to give it official contradiction.

He says that his committee has been inundated with letters on this subject, and he begs publication for the following statement, which we hope will settle the matter once for all. It is the opinion of the committee "that tomatoes neither predispose to nor excite cancer formation, and that they are not injurious to those suffering from this disease, but on the contrary are a very wholesome article of diet, particularly so if cooked."—Chambers' Journal.

Selling Thermometers.

While talking of his experiences at Old Point Comfort, Chauncey M. Depew told this story:

"At Fort Monroe it was necessary to have an equable temperature in my wife's room. To accomplish that result I went to the store for a thermometer, and the enterprising proprietor placed six on the counter. They all marked a different temperature, and between the highest and lowest was a difference of 10 degrees. 'Great Scott! my friend,' I said, 'with these I shall never know whether it is necessary to leave the window open or to build a fire.' Bound to make a sale, the proprietor said, 'Well, Mr. Depew, suppose you take them all over and try them and keep the one that suits the best.'"—New York Sun.

CURED

"About seven or eight months ago I was attacked by a cough, and at once began to take a medicine much advertised as an expectorant, and continued using it until I had taken about six bottles. Instead of giving me relief, it only made me worse. I tried several other remedies, but all in vain, and I don't think I had three whole nights' rest during my illness. I began to think that

Consumption

had laid hold of me, and my hopes of recovery were all gone. I was a mere skeleton, but a friend of mine, who had been some time away, called to see me. He recommended me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and kindly sending me a bottle, I took it, but with little hopes of recovery. I am thankful, however, to say that it cured me, and I am to-day enjoying the best of health."—J. Wilmot Payne, Monrovia, Liberia.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Prompt to act, sure to cure

Society Directory.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

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State Secretary, J F Brennan, 1210 West Chestnut-st, Bloomington, Ill.
State Treasurer, Alex Vaughey, Seneca, Ill

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 83 E. Madison-st, at 3 p m.
County Delegate, P B Flanagan, 3023 Fifth av.
County Secretary, Francis J Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.
County Financial Secretary, D Kirby, 466 W Erie st.
County Treasurer, M E Lynch, 530 W. Erie st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div. No. 1—John J. Conroy, Pres, 116 Sherman street; Wm. McNamara, V-P; Edward Quinn, Rec Sec, 873 S Ashland av; C. McLaughlin, Fin Sec; J. O'Brien, Treas. Meet in Father Mathew hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts, the 3rd Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; Michael Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; Patrick J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

Div 3—Ambrose Bede, Pres, Morton Park, Ill; James Carroll, V P; Wm J Luby, Rec Sec, Wm Hede, Fin Sec; P J Duffy, Treas. Meets 3d Sunday of each month in Society hall, Ogden and Western avs.

Div 4—Daniel Collins, Pres, 931 S Halsted st; David Mulligan, V P; Daniel Coreon, Rec Sec; Peter F Radigan, Fin Sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meet last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av & Union st.

Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4205 Wentworth-av; Michael Reilly, V P; Michael D O'Brien, Rec Sec, 1429 33rd st; Jas Ryan, Fin Sec, 602 46th st; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of month at 3 p m, in hall, corner Forty-second and Halsted sts.

Div 7—Wm Sullivan, Pres, 130 Lytle-st; Patrick Carmody, V P; Patrick Foley, Rec Sec, 3442 Marshfield-av; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W Twelfth-st, 2d Sunday of month at 7:30.

Div 8—M J Ryan, Pres, 257 Michigan-st; M Doyle, V P; D J Mahoney, Rec Sec; P J O'Sullivan, Fin Sec; James McDermott, Treas. Meet third Sunday of each month at 8 p m, corner Clark and Michigan sts.

Div 9—P O'Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P C Finerty, V P; Thomas White, Rec Sec, South Chicago; Owen Ahern, Fin Sec; T Ahern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m, Elgeman's hall, South Chicago.

Div 10—John B O'Connor, Pres, 4320 Dreyer-st; James Small, V P; Denis O Toole, Rec Sec, 4125 State-st; Patrick O'Brien, Fin Sec; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av, at 3 p m.

Div 11—D Kirby, Pres, 466 W Erie-st; M R Lynch, V P; T J Lamb, Rec Sec, 578 W Erie st; M J Bradshaw Fin Sec; M J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

Div 12—D Moriarity, Pres, 4567 Wentworth-av; Wm Kennedy, V P; Wm Carney, Rec Sec, 4226 Wentworth-av; Jas O Brien, Fin Sec; Patrick Norris, Treas.

Div 14—Jas Noonan, Pres; Austin Clark, V P; John Prendergast, Rec Sec; Edward Rogers, Fin Sec; J W McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div 17—Martin Mulcahy, Pres, 2836 Fifth-av; Lawrence Henely, V P; P J Conroy, Rec Sec, 493 35th-st; Wm Houlihan, Fin Sec; Michael Finnegan, Treas. Meet 2nd Wednesday each month at 8 p m, at N W corner of Thirty-seventh-st and Armour-av.

Div 18—M Loftus, Pres, Central Park P O; Jas Collins, V P; John C Driscoll, Rec Sec, Moreland, Ill; J J Hickey, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet last Friday each month in Schoenhofen's hall, W Lake and Forty-third sts

Div 19—Jas Thomas, Pres, 3302 Parnell-av; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 320 Thirty-seventh-st; Jer'h O'Hern, Fin Sec; Charles Lynch, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month at 3759 S Halsted st at 8 p m.

Div 20—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 Forty-seventh st; J McGeohegan, V P; Jno Toner, Rec Sec, 4604 Ashland-av; M Ryan, Fin Sec; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Bishop's hall, corner forty-seventh st and Aashland-av at 2:30 p m.

Div 25—P Moriarty, Pres, 4717 Wentworth-av; John Kerr, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James A Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Jas Dolan, Pres, Pullman; Wm J Carroll, V P; Jas Kennedy, Rec Sec, Kensington; Peter J Tully, Fin Sec; Thos Markey, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Thursdays of each month at 8 p m in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 30—Thomas Heelan, Pres., Cummings, Ill.; James Crilly, V P; Jeremiah O'Keeffe, Rec Sec, Cummings, Ill; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Lawrence Martinett, Treas. Meet in Link's hall, Cummings, 3d Sunday of each month at 3 p m.

Div 35—Thos Doyle, Pres, 3812 Lowe av; T F Doyle, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 3754 Union-av; Michael Hughes, Fin Sec; M Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at cor 35th st and Emerald av.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson-av; W A Cunnea, V P; W M McMahon, Rec Sec, 6935 Stoney Island av; P D Ryan, Fin Sec; J J Egan, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m, at 5447 Woodlawn-av.

Div 37—John P Douhey, Pres, 6350 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C McInerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 66th-st.

KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK.

J H Carmody, President; William Horgan, V-P; J H Howard, Rec Sec; William Tobin, Fin Sec; P J Kennedy, Treas; John Byrne, Knight Commander; John Tobin, Vice-Kt Commander; D J Solon, Sergt-at-Arms. Meet 1st Sunday of month at 3 p m in Temperance hall, cor Taylor and Miller-sts.

FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

Organized Feb. 6, 1865. David L Barry, Pres, 22 Plum-st; Michael Kenny, 1st V-P; J J Barry, 2d V-P; J J Hackett, Secretary, 288 W Taylor-st; J M Carey, Ass't Secretary; John Shannon, Treas. Meet in hall, 288 W Taylor-st, on the 1st and 3rd Mondays each month at 8 p m.

ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Edward Hayes, Pres., 434 W. Ohio-st.; James M. Gubbins, 1st V.-P.; D. McGinnis, 2nd V.-P.; P. Kavanaugh, Rec. Sec., 600 W. Huron-st.; P. J. Sheehy Fin Sec; M. Gethins, Ass't Fin Sec; P. B. Shell, Treas; M. McLaughlin, Sergt-at-Arms; Thomas Bidwell, Marshal. Board of Directors, Thomas Croak, Thomas Rae, T. T. Hartigan, N. McCue. Meets 1st Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in school hall, Rumsey and W. Indiana-sts.

CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS

HIGH COURT OFFICERS.

John C. Schubert, H C R, Room 22, 69 Dearborn-st; C. Ritchot, H V C R, Montreal, Can; Thomas H. Cannon, H S, Room 22, 69 Dearborn-st; Henry Detmer, H T, 109 East Randolph-st; Dr. T. O'Malley, H M E, 169 Blue Island-av.

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Holy Family No. 1—Michael Heaney, C R, 8 Elburn av; W J Wallace, Rec Sec, 120 W Taylor st; George R Bracken, Fin Sec; Jas Kennedy, Treas; Dr Geo C Synon, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Sodality Hall, May and 11th sts.

Columbia No 2—Thomas Croak, C R, 92 Walnut st; Martin Dowling, Rec Sec, 152 N May st; J E Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 524 W Indiana st

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St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1225 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4032 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eller, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMann, C R, 339 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arlington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1921 Indiana av James Drury, Fin Sec Wm White, Treas Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av Michael Ryan, 2058 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec Wm L O'Brien, Treas Dr John R McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Queally's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester av Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Carqueste No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec L Foley, Treas Dr P H Conley, Med Ex Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st John F Owens, Fin Sec Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Chess st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 328 Fifty-fourth st John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas Dr J A Hemsteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

He Came From China.

When Mrs. Booth, the famous lecturer, traveled through Maine, her attention was called by an awkward little boy who shuffled in at a way station and with the gall of innocence sat himself down in the double seat that Mrs. Booth had pre-empted. She smiled and divided an orange with him. Then she quizzed the shy little stranger in the rusty garments.

"Do you travel much, my boy?"

"Never's on the cars before but twict, marm."

"Is that so? Why, where do you live?"

"China, marm."

"China! My! Aren't you a long way from home?"

"Yes'm, but I brought my dinner cos father said they'd ask like all creation for anything to eat circus day."

Mrs. Booth was very much worked up, for the thought flashed across her mind that this innocent looking youngster was guying her. She leaned forward and asked very sternly, "Little boy, when did you leave home?"

"This morning, marm."

"What are you talking about? Where is China?"

"It's over beyond Waterville a piece. You take the stage"— But Mrs. Booth turned to her book without waiting for more information upon the topography of Maine.—Lewiston Journal.

A Tree Five Thousand Years Old.

On the island of Teneriffe, one of the largest if not the very largest of the Canaries, about half way between the Porto Santo and the summit of the famous Pico de Tyde, the highest point of land on the island, stands the considerable town of Orotava, famous for its wonderful "dragon tree," the identical botanical specimen which Humboldt pronounced "the most ancient vegetable relic in the world." Humboldt made calculations on its age in several different ways and declared that it was between 5,000 and 6,000 years old. Sir John Herschel often alludes to it as the oldest tree in the world. For at least 20 centuries the Guanches used the immense hollow of this ancient tree as a temple of worship. Its eventful career was suddenly terminated in the summer of 1867, when it was uprooted and almost entirely destroyed by a hurricane.—St. Louis Republic.

The Labor of a Watch.

The little balance wheel of a watch vibrates five times per second. Imagine that this wheel, instead of swinging back and forth like a pendulum, should roll on continuously over a given surface. Its circumference in a gentleman's watch of ordinary size is 2½ inches, and it makes a sweep in each direction of abut three-fourths of its circumference. In other words, it would traverse in one second a distance measuring about 8½ inches. According to this computation, the balance wheel of a watch would travel in a year over a distance of 3,677 miles in round numbers, and it would take the little wheel just six years eight months to circumvolve the globe by way of the equator.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

WALTHAM & ELGIN WATCHES.

For "Citizen" Subscribers and Readers. For Sale by "The Citizen." Guaranteed by 'The Citizen.'

We have decided to revise our watch offers in such a way that each subscriber may find a watch to suit his or her taste and need. The fame of the Waltham and Elgin factories is not confined to this country. It is considered a great thing abroad to own one of these wonderful watches. THE CITIZEN has sold many watches during the past year, and they have given perfect satisfaction. In our offers we select the best examples of these watches for the money asked, and we have been remarkably successful in suiting our subscribers. We have now revised the offers so that they will be more satisfactory than they have been before. Our subscribers and readers should read the following offers carefully, and see how low we can sell these standard goods. If we don't mention just what you want, don't hesitate to write and get our figures.



NICKEL SILVER, WALTHAM OR ELGIN, $5.50.

Offer No. 31—A Men's Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 32—Men's size, open face. Waltham or Elgin, $12 00. This watch is just the same as No. 33, but the case is dust proof and open face. The back and front screw on and off, and the watch sets by pulling on the stem. The glass in the face is bevelled plate, and strong enough to withstand any strain. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $12.00.



GOLD-FILLED ENGRAVED WATCH.

Offer No 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14 35. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled, and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch right along for $38.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.35.

Offer No. 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair-spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 50 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15. THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reenforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case. This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is jeweled according to the most scientific principles and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of highly tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold, and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the fineness and delicacy of antique lace. Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

"THE CITIZEN SPECIAL."

Offer No. 36—Gold watch, Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in every thing except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co. has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so thick that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered, $16.75.



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The style of Waltham works is especially desirable where the most accurate time is required. They contain 15 jewels in solid gold settings. Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, safety pinion, expansion balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest and greatest improvements. This movement is adjusted at the factory to temperature and positions; it is one of the finest full-plate movements in the world. We sell this movement in the following cases:

No 37, Solid gold Brooklyn "Granger-hunting or open face, $30.00.

No. 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $22.10.

No. 39 Gold-filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18.50.

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (3 oz.), open face or hunting, $18.50.

No 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face, $12 25.

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.25. This is a Waltham of Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 44, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.25.

Offer No. 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15.

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, is a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring, joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold, and much stronger. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 20 years. The works in all watches we sell are good for from 30 to 40 years. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for $13.75.

Offer No. 46—Ladies' size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch; the works contain seven jewels, stem winder and setter, and all improvements. This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for only $9.50. The above watch is especially suitable for girls. It is full ladies' size. The Waltham and Elgin companies make no distinction between ladies' and girls' watches.

How to order a watch—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

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REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

NATIONAL BANK OF ILLINOIS

OF CHICAGO,

At Chicago, in the State of Illinois, at the Close of Business, May 4, 1893.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$10,073,327.27
Overdrafts		17,067.29
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation, par value		50,000.00
Other bonds		160,700.00
Due from Na'l Banks	$1,547,675.32	
Due fr'm State Banks and Bankers	421,393.13	
Exchanges for Clear'g h'se	816,726.27	
Cash	2,618,569.14	
		5,404,363.86
Redemption fund with U.S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)		2,250.00
Total		$15,707,708.42

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$ 1,000,000.00
Surplus fund		1,000,000.00
Undivided profits		203,374.54
National Bank notes outstanding		45,000.00
Dividends unpaid		318.00
Deposits— Individual	$1,538,580.83	
Banks	3,920,435.05	
		13,459,015.88
Total		$15,707,708.42

GEORGE SCHNEIDER, President.
WILLIAM A. HAMMOND, Cashier.
CARL MOLL, Assistant Cashier.
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Charles R. Corwith.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

Globe National Bank

of Chicago, in the State of Illinois, at the close of business, May 4, 1893.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	$2,793,223 96
Overdrafts	119 20
United States Bonds	50,000 00
Other Bonds	27,000 00
Due from other Banks	512,126 52
Cash	876,111 33
Redemption Fund	2,250 00
Furniture and Fixtures	5,000 00
Total	$4,265,831 01

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	$1,000,000 00
Surplus Fund	80,000 00
Undivided Profits	42,998 06
Circulation	45,000 00
Individual Deposits	$1,901,064 77
Bank Deposits	1,196,768 18
Total	$4,265,831 01

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. To the May Term, A. D. 1893. The Drovers' National Bank of the Union Stock Yards, a corporation, &c., vs. John H. Bani, Margaret Bani, Anton Wollweber, Patrick A. Turner, Julia Turner and the International Building, Loan and Investment Union of Chicago, Margaret Bani, widow, and the unknown heirs of John H. Bani, deceased. In Chancery. No. 108,616.

Notice is hereby given to the said unknown heirs of John H. Bani, deceased, that the above named complainant heretofore filed its bill of complaint, amended bill of complaint and its supplemental bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendants, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the court house in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of May, A. D. 1893, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

FRANK J. GAULTER, Clerk.
David Sullivan, Compl'ts Sol'r.

THOMAS McENERNY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, ROOM 19, 60 DEARBORN-ST.

ESTATE OF JOHN J. MORRISSEY, deceased—All persons having claims against the estate of John J. Morrissey, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of June A. D. 1893, being the 19th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, April 26, 1893.
CATHERINE MORRISSEY, Executrix.

ESTATE OF LOUIS ROELLE, DEceased—All persons having claims against the estate of Louis Roelle, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of June A. D. 1893, being the 19th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, April 26, 1893.
HANNAH ROELLE, Administratrix.
Thomas McEnerny, Attorney.



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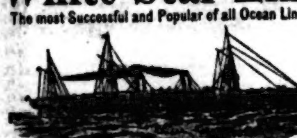
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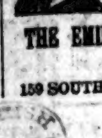
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